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TO EDITORS, AND TERMS FOR CLUBS,

☞ See 15th Page. ☜

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CHAPTER V.

PHILADELPHIA editors perfect Arabs—always roaming about—in all the watering places—on excursions—romantic and scientific benders—wherever there's something good from rising of sun even unto going down of same always put themselves down for two large chances. All of 'em Colonels—nomadesde camp—all good natured as split watermelons. Recur to topic because didn't exhaust it the first time and because met some on deck of boat going up from Cape May. Was FITZG heralded to the party with due courtesy—first introduction to GODEY of Ladies' Book—gentlemen of great affability and humor—friend of more daughters of America than any man that ever lived. Put curious enigma to me—told him my name was DAVIS not Œdipus and couldn't do it, but would make it all right as soon as I got my trunk open, if any of the party had a corkscrew. Next 'dividual, Major FREAS of Germantown Telegraph—praiseworthy citizen—regular F. F. F. one may say, since fun, FREAS and fishing go together whenever he's after the trout. JESPER HARDING of Inquirer, veteran of press—made more Bibles than any man alive; beat the seven story stack of Bibles story all to pieces. Father CRUMP aboard—good old soul as ever lived—one who like unto DICK STODDARD is full of "curious learning and quaint humor." Talked terrapins, type, turtle-soup, tragedy, tobacco, trotting, truffles and turkey till we arrived in Philadelphia. Went straight to Girard House—best house going—asked good little boy with a hymn book, named CHADWICK, if MR. GIRARD was in? Said he'd just stepped out. Inquired for MRS. GIRARD—said she'd gone in country but had left word to give me a room if that was what I wanted. Told him I must know first if they kept a cow—never put up at taverns where they used bought milk; wasn't green if I did come from New York. Told me that cow was feeding somewhere down street but would be home by sundown—if she didn't, he or CHARLEY DUFFY would bring her in by the horns. Asked me if I took a cocktail for tea? Told him no—took it to be ardent spirits and bitters. Looked gravely, steadily at me and said I'd do. CHADWICK 'markable man—got 812.837 intimate friends and is on speaking terms with the rest of mankind. Pious people all—Col. PRESBURY first man of whom it was ever said "he *can* keep a hotel—and he *can*." Saw Col. SYKES, late of Sebastopol—beg leave to express to him due sense of gratitude for numerous courtesies. 'cause why—in midst of life we are in death—and should be sorry to cave in or give out with an unpaid thank due.

SARATOGA—grand word—reads well in history and looks uncommonly nobby in VANITY FAIR. Always nice—other places, Newport or Sharon, may go up, but Saratoga don't go down—except in the form of Congress or Empire water—and hope never will. Some people fond of saying how long they've been going there. Know one case of gentleman who went to Saratoga and his parents before him—grandfather went there before them to fight during Revolution and great grandfather before him to trade with Indians. Indians used to dip water up with calebash and swill a gallon—hadn't learned to pay two shillings a bottle for it or would have learned to treat it with more respect and size their drinks. United States Hotel the full blossom one; Union and Congress Hall the lesser flowers, but all very good. U. S covers numerous acres, surrounds a serene court—close your eyes some day next winter when you hear Saratoga mentioned and I'll bet the first thing you see'll be that quadrangle—people laying off in chairs or strolling round, or may be a summer vision of the lawn back of the house, where, after dinner, ladies appear in graceful multitude on one side and gentlemen in cigar'd comfort on the other, waiting to see all sorts of stylish vehicles and lovely horses, fast trotting girls and two-thirty men roll away in lively luxury to Saratoga Lake. More of them come and more—believe I've seen more beautiful girls go riding away towards that lake of afternoons than ever filled muslin anywhere else on this side of Paradise.

Before breakfast—on portico RANDOLPH and I scanned people—old BUNGO and two nieces—everlasting scan-magpies—one of 'em pretty—more's pity—lost even her vanity in her endless mania for gathering gossip—fine dark eyes—think they're rolling in soul do you?—nothing of the kind—only puppets dancing on the organ while it grinds out a tune about the sins and sorrows of people and families she don't even know. Pretty lips!—oh yes—more mischief goes through them than ever went through the Lion's Mouth of Venice—those accusations used to be examined into—her's ar'nt. A fine Sévres vase, gracefully designed, daintily colored, fit for noblest uses—converted to a slop jar! Great mistake however to suppose such girls not liked. LETTIE BUNGO quite noted—always quoted—no want of simple sisters to praise her or soft-headed breth'ren to adore. But the bricks quiz her—she knoweth it not—and the women who are true gold pass her quietly and afar off as in a dream—there are mysteries of life which the gossip-hunter never dreamed of—there is a world, sometimes even around her into which she has not peeped—the cosmopolite and truly gentle world which sayeth naught of such BUNGOS, and only murmurs at times to them from afar—*bon soir la compagnie!*

Look further on—see another New York friend—SANTA NEROLI—an odd girl some people call her—a very nice girl LUCY DE BROOM says—one of the kind who have very few friends—go through life quiet as violets under green leaves. Don't think I ever quite understood her till I knew her brother EUSTACE. When you want to understand one member of a well ordered family study the others, unless the brother is a very aqualactic youth in which case sister generally has a good deal of man—or devil—in her. EUSTACE NEROLI not soft, not hard, not muff; on first acquaintance vexatiously immaculate. Sister in consequence is graceful and gentle but with latent fire. If he could take one step further into demonstrative genius, would be a brick. Sister beats him in the long run. Talk to her long enough—a good while and you'll knock sparks. SANTA NEROLI always in black—very thin rather tall but graceful as a serpent. No plumpness about her and yet so well rounded and lithe—shows no angles—grand eyes romantic, home like, strange, familiar, dreamy, funny—have seen a dozen characters in them within four seconds. Simmers down when you begin to talk of other people, until she dries entirely up. Don't know many first class folks and *won't* know anybody else—goes silently with EUSTACE on through life, looking into flowers and perfumes and poetry and art and shells for the ideas and love which the world don't give.

Think SANTA NEROLA will marry uncommonly well some day—sure of it. All such graceful obscurities sure to? Young ladies is'nt it queer—but running round in the world and making your capital of gossip and belle-ship isn't *always* the sure ticket. Why is BABYLONIA SMINKE unmarried; she the lovely veteran of ten seasons? The fact is—you may have forgot it visiting round so much above Fourteenth-street—but there's a Providence and I find a strong proof of it in the fact that by some unaccountable mystery the SANTA NEROLIS always marry very well out of their timid and gentle obscurity, while the BABYLONIA SMINKES and BUNGOS go old maiding about or sit down to a grand match—which generally turns out one of the devil's own making.

Make party with NEROLIS—go down spring, drink water. RANDOLPH was devouring Green Seal last night—thinks Congress uncommonly nice—SANTA seems to find it uncommonly nasty. RANDOLPH wishes spring was in New York, right in centre of Gramercy Park Square, running out of pitcher which the HEBE is holding in the fountain. Would send over for a pail—two pails—of it, every morning. Inspect bottling process—curious and useful—Miss NEROLI thinks it must remind us all of Bubbles from the Brunnens—and suggests that during the Middle Ages it would have been called a Holy Well and had a romantic legend and a lovely saint.

Tell her that she shall be the individual and will do the legend myself on first convenient foolscap. RANDOLPH muttered in under tone something about Congress water's always being a "pious old drink" from the word go, and doubted if I could add to its sanctity. Began to sing my beautiful legend extempore. "There was a saint lived in a well—fari tolol de laddy da. Of all the saints she bore the bell—with a rowly powly"—am abruptly interrupted by cries of horrible! from Miss NEROLI and groans from RANDOLPH, under cover of which we turn to return to breakfast.

Always enjoy breakfasts at Saratoga—RANDOLPH says his would be improved if he could only see the ostentatious and wide spreading cullud pusson who used to extend from Philadelphia hither as head-waiter. He was a superber, said RANDOLPH—a thirty-five-hundred dollar darkey—it was as good as seeing a check on the Chemical Bank flying round, to behold such a fine piece of property waiting on me. "Ah" says RANDOLPH "you Northerners don't know how to feel rich. I don't car how wealthy you are—you can't realize what opulence is till you *see it* buy flesh and blood. Money becomes something noble and aristocratic then—something fit for a gentleman to own and handle. I declar I sometimes think if I lived North I'd prefer poverty to riches. What *are* riches if you can't buy servants with 'em? Empty delusions—mere counters—abstractions. "MAN" said RANDOLPH—rising to eloquence "is never self-realistic—till he *owns somebody!*" And here he relapsed into silence and solemnity. 'Tisn't very often RANDOLPH airs his Richmond sociology—when he *does* it comes strong and produces effects in those holding contrary opinions. Pretty SANTA NEROLI—wasn't used to hear anybody express opinions boldly—opened her great eyes at RANDOLPH—and then with a great effort said merrily:

"I suppose if you lived in the North sir, you'd have to be content with a wife for a slave." She would probably make you realize the value of money quite as well."

"Ar' thar any wives to be bought?" inquired RANDOLPH negligently. So we voted it a draw game, and breakfast being over made up a party with General JINKUM of Louisville and his nieces JULIETTE and JOLLIETTE to roll tenpins.

Tenpins great institution at Old Saratoga. Can tell a Saratoga roll wherever I see it—recognized one once in the Bohemian village of Zhjretzwrzch. Peasants rolling balls with holes in 'em on turf at

"THAT MAN SHA—AD?"

pins—traveller stopped and gave one long winder—all our party halloed out "Saratoga by Jupiter." So it was. Made up party with the NEROLIS and BUNGOS—rolled like Revelations—scared up spares and ten licks enough to last over winter and have a few left for spring. SANTA rolled magnoriously, likewise. Quiet, steady firm and always astonished at her own luck. I like that girl—oh FLINDERS! if you were only here—oh my rowdy angel, my beloved my blessed! Tenpins accomplished, adjourn to circular railroad. Go around like revolving pin-wheels until creation seems one blaze of Fourth of July. Extraordinary creature this same human Man—only set him up on something that goes and how he *do* lette' rip!

Next move—towards Indians. Indians make moccassins, bead work, war clubs to brain enemies with—asked one old buffer if he'd scalped anybody lately and where he buried the bodies—answered "two shillin" and grunted. Inquired price of good-looking squaw, replied "whiskey." Asked him "mungawampooneaghuwadawanuckwicketaquock?" and got it all back with compound interest. Ladies struck with awe at my accomplishments as linguist—asked me to ask old bull Injun price of work bag. Took bag up and exclaimed volubly "Tautaugcohogscuppaugmiantonomohwumsuttanaumkeog?" Injun held up four figures and grunted "shillens." Shook my head and said *whangdoodle*—Injun grunted dissent. Smiled blandly and remarking "pizarinctum metamorality" held out extra middle finger drawing down my left under eye lid. Injun nodded assent. Gave him sixty-two cents and took bag. Immense amazement, and request to "talk some more Indian." Face up to the senap and began:

"Mahopac adirondac. Wie gelhts alleweil du alter Schwenigel?"
"Ugh!"
"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen bluhn?"
"Ugh!"
"Clenicus in sella, gaudet veniente puella."
"Ug—gh!"

General delight—people always like what they don't understand. Ladies wanted to know where learned to talk Indian. Not knowing couldn't say, but murmured "travel." "On his cheek," added RANDOLPH.

Dinner—Monks's band—fed pretty well—got one of Old DEXTER's go-carts and kittens—let out for Ballston. Great place in olden time—thirty years ago when poet sung on hot day:

"Oh Saratoga, Lebanon, Niagara and Ballston.
The man who does sigh for you this weather must be all steeple."

Somebody told me that allusion was here made—good naturedly you know—to ALLSTON the painter, who would'nt go out of town one summer and was thus by poetic leisure, petrified. So the times fly by—*telle est la vie—alles hat seine Zeit.* It's a queer thing to go back to the days when N. P. WILLIS was a gay youth with a fine large crop of curls, and a little jaunty cap put on top-side-ways, with a page in cataracts of soldier-buttons, running after him—when the General's songs were new, and PERCIVAL was recited in evening-parties, and ladies still sang MOORE's Melodies—queer to go it all over and recal the hotels which were and are not—and fashions which are faded—tunes now found only in old, quaintly engraved music columns—belles who are now hardly *jeune encore*, save to the politest of beaux. Then people were just as merry as at present in their watering places—held just as much to their "style" and "*ton*"—we call it *tone* now-a-days—but 'twas all set in a different key, Madame—or the tune was played on different instruments—how is it that all this never occurs to you when you see General DEADWOOD, or my Lady CRAMOISIE VELOURS, as they walk about the promenades, and sit in the parlors of the United States? If you could only step right into their memories, dear reader—walk right into the secret halls of their minds and see this Saratoga as *they* once saw it, and feel its spirit of the days of high collars and short-waisted dresses as *they* felt it—'twould be as marvelous to you as though the incantation scene in DER FREYSCHUTZ, got up with all the resources of DOMDANIEL and Tophet should suddenly burst on your eyes when peeping into a stereoscope. Not so horrifying certainly—not so alarming—but quite as odd, dear lady—quite as different from what you are now feeling in the *régime* of hoops and alligator bonnets. "Ah, they were pleasant days, my dear," says Madame VELOURS. Parbleu! Madame—we believe it.

In those times COOPER used to sit in parlor of Sans Souci hotel and read his forthcoming novel to lady-guests—*tempi passati.* Some day a book will appear on by gone Saratogans—FRANK WADDELL and all who once contributed to make these pleasant places still more pleasant.

Or take drive to Lake—make day's excursion—go to further end—spring there great for external ailments—beautiful place. Picnic—forget cares and sorrows—pass Clicquot or chablis or scup'nong or whatever you've got and be jolly. There's an air of quaint antique, gentle, high-toned jolliness—a creamy joyousness all over Saratogue'—there's a witchery of high old times in a high-toned way in the very atmosphere, even as the witchery of olden time and dreaminess lies over Sleepy Hollow. *A vos beaux yeux Madame!* let us light our cigars!—and when we meet again be glad once more and know each other as those did who once retired from the world to the merrie Theleme of Saratoga. Farewell then oh Congress, Empire, High Rock, Flat Rock, Iodine, Hamilton, Columbia, Putnam, Pavilion and what other springs there may be unknown or known to fame. Many a coming summer find me again among you!

The Inconvenience of a new Chambermaid.

SHE IS SO HANDY IN ARRANGING THINGS.

HUNT THE SLIPPER.

MR. VANDUSEL IS JUST IN THE MOOD TO LIE OFF COMFORTABLY AND—"OH DEAR! WHAT HAS BECOME OF MY SLIPPERS?" JUST OUT OF ARM'S REACH OF COURSE—THE BUREAU NAILED DOWN, AND NO CANE OR POKER.

WHERE IS THE TOWEL.

JUST WASHED—GOT HIS EYES FULL OF STINGING SOAP—FEELING ABOUT FOR TOWEL—AND NONE THERE! (*A little profanity is here allowed.*)

TESTIFICATORY LITERATURE.

The curiosities of the patent-medicine-puffing class of literature, would, if collected, form an inventive and instructive library of many columns. We are not going to collect them, however—do not be afraid. So far from dwelling on the subject at large, indeed we are going to confine ourselves to the consideration of some points, literary and otherwise, connected with a thing called "The Lactonah," for our first information respecting which we are indebted to the advertising columns of our volatile young cotemporary, the *World*. Quoted in the Lactonah department of that journal, we find the following, the lack of literary tone prevailing in which, is very characteristic of the leaders of the heavy illustrated press, and quite harmonious with the celebration of Lactonah, which, in its Latin derivation, displays a tendency to milk, and is, probably, not altogether innocent of water.

"'INVIGORATE, O, JUVENIS!' saith the bard. All the physical and mental developments of man depend upon the state of the digestive organs and the stomach; therefore he that shall place within the hands of this melancholy race a stimulant to energy and perseverence which will ever lift the cloud of melancholy from the brain, is a doer of good deeds. We can certify that 'LACTONAH' will do all this, and is especially valuable to parties suffering from debility."—*New York Illustrated News.*

There is an exciting mystery in the above brief but brilliant essay, arising from the difficulty of placing the person or thing characterised in the expression, "melancholy race," a claimant to which there would appear to be no less than five parties on foot, viz: "Juvenis," "the bard," "man," the digestive organs; the stomach. This matter the parties in question must settle among themselves: at least we won't do it, as our dramatic critic declines to investigate the subject any further, having already devoted himself to it for two whole days and nights, without success. The reader will remark that "parties suffering from debility" are mentioned in the article from the heavy illustrated paper. Had "nobility" been the word, instead of "debility," there might there have been salvation in Lactonah for suffering New York victimized in so heavy an amount for the love of the aristocratic Japanese, and now preparing its BOOL-ish marrowbones for a genuflexion, before the coming GUELPH. As it is, we must reserve our belief in Lactonah, and proceed to the consideration of testimonial No. 2, which, if not instructive, will at least be found amusing.

WHAT A MOTHER SAYS.

"It should be known, my son, aged 25, seemed ordained to bring me with sorrow to the grave. He had been saved from the drunkard's fate by the wonderful virtues of the Lactonah. I secretly poured one fifty-cent bottle of the Lactonah into a bottle of his rum. I noticed the rum lasted twice as long as usual. When he opened another bottle, I poured a bottle of the Lactonah into that also. In two weeks it was not more than half emptied. I have known it to go in a single day before I adopted this expedient. A few days afterward, when one of his companions asked him to 'go and take something,' he replied, 'Why, Tom, I cannot drink now, for I hate the smell of all kinds of liquors.'" Three months have passed without a relapse, and I believe he is entirely reclaimed.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER."

Setting aside the justification of motive, and taking a practical view of the episode to which "Tom" lends so much reality in the above pleasing little sketch from real life, we would respectfully suggest that the power of Lactonah as a rumifuge will be materially depreciated if it is to be blown upon in this way. Anybody who detects a queer taste in his rum, henceforth, must be a great fool if he does not immediately attribute it to Lactonah, and a very good-natured one if he does not at once proceed to the destruction of every bottle of that obnoxious fluid within h's reach. Certainly, unless actually an idiot, he would take prompt measures, under the circumstances, of placing his private alcohol under lock and key, for the future. Thus it is that testificatory literature ever defeats its ends. The "Grateful Mother" has irreparably damaged Lactonah by her want of reticence. Indeed she appears, to our way of thinking, to be a very unsafe old person, generally. We would not drink with her upon any account.

A word of two more, and we will retire from the drug business for the present. The opening paragraph of the Lactonah monograph contains the following arrangement, which is probably intended to apply to the physic in question, but in reality a recommendation of a person unknown to us.

GIVES ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

"The dyspeptic and feeble should never be without."—*Judge W. W. W.*

We are puzzled to guess why the eloquent writer who devotes himself to the celebration of Lactonah, should thus suddenly reject the idea of that medicine, and recommend debilitated persons to have recourse to a Judge, instead. On second consideration, we think we see a glimmering of light, however. Judge W. W. W. is, possibly, a very comical person, a judge of other liquors than Lactonah, and one whose laugh would do more to stir up a sluggish liver than any advisably quantity of that thing. If this is so, there is sense in the recommendation. If this is so, take away the drug and bring up the Judge, by all means.

WHAT WE HAVE IN STORE FOR THE PEOPLE.

A succession of excitements has occured during the past few months. First there was the news of the great Fight at Farnboro, then came the little Fight in Printing House square after that the ovation to the Japs, next the arrival of the Great Eastern and lastly the return of Conqueror Heenan esq. There were, it is true, a few lesser matters that received a fair amount of notice from the Public. Such as the Charlston, Chicago and Baltimore Conventions, the Fulton-Street Daily Prayer Meeting, the Rage of Boston because the Embassy declined seeing its rural Elephants (including the *Atlantic Monthly* and Mr Everett of the *Ledger*) at any price, the Comet, the Fourth of July, the Enright, the Worms in the Parks, the *World* newspaper, the Spingler Elopement, the Fourth Ward Trustees, the Hermit at Nixon's, the Hot Weather, the Boole, the Infant-Lambert, the What Is It? and so on; but these were over-shadowed by those first mentioned. May be the Prince of Wales will tend to keep our curiosity up when he comes here, but it is not yet certain that he will.

Now we know very well that people must have something to talk about, to read about, to run after, to gaze upon, to ovate, tionize and drive to the verge of distraction and back again, and that something must be got up expressly for this purpose, in the event of nothing turning up of its own accord. We are bound that the popular wish shall be gratified so far as lies in our power. If the Timbuctoo King refuses to send an embassy to this country, if the Prince of Wales won't snub Boston (likewise the *Atlantic Monthly* and Mr Everett of the *Ledger*) if the Spingler Institute don't improvise another elopement, why, then Vanity Fair will be most happy in providing for the general interest as follows.

We will procure and exhibit a deputation of Jerseymen to act as ambassadors from the Trenton Government to ours at Washington, or a pair of black tom cats, each four hundred feet in length, or a man of note who is not a Bostonian, or a bigger fool than Alderman—exactly!—or an uglier specimen of face than Abe Lincoln's or a more impudent politician than One Eye, or a set of greater block-heads than the Fourth Ward School Trustees, or a more envious crowd of folks than the Philadelphia crowd, or a vessel three barley corns larger than the Great Eastern, or a more disappointed man than Wm H. Seward, or a more dangerous ferry than Christopher-street ferry, or a prettier girl than any who go to Rev. Becher's Church, or a more prolific dramatist than Dion B, or a more barefaced swindler than John E. Enright, or a more appropriate wearer of the white feather than Roger A. Pryor, or an animated jelly-cake, or an omnibus horse that never fell on the Russ, or a country clergyman whose congregation pay him as much salary as would keep five of their fast young men in cigars, or a dog with a sorrowful tail, or a Mormon who never had a wife, or a more modest man than Bennett suddenly became when he gave a fête champetre to the Japs, and said nothing about it in the *Herald*, or a winking mosquito, or an Irishman who is a politician, or a red rhinoceros, or something equally new, startling and absurd. When the time comes our curtain shall rise.

ANOTHER GRAND RECEPTION.

With all the festive vim of a decidedly great people, we have done the Japanese, are doing the Great Eastern, and, with a whetted appetite, are only waiting to do the Prince of Wales, whenever it shall please his Ma to send him to be did.

We must not however flatter ourselves that we have performed the whole duty of man. Great ends are yet to be achieved, and great men to be received. The American Eagle must have room to spread itself. Shall the British Lion exult alone over its great? Shall a bloated British aristocracy shower gold and build images of silver, life size, to its Savers unrebuked? (Vide European News by the Adriatic; *Herald* 1st inst.) No! Let our citizens in every part of the world feel that distinguishing themselves abroad is equivalent to distinction at home. With this view before us we call upon Americans to stand ready, and after having done fistic honor in accordance with the programme in another column, to John C. Heenan, the half-shell representative of the boisterous, clamorous, and muscular governing classes, let them turn their attention to another countryman, Eli Boggs.

From the China *Chronicle* of April 12th, published at Whampoa we take some record of the illustrious Boggs, our eminent fellow citizen who is so soon to be among us.

Eli Boggs, the notorious Yankee pirate, whose late career is well known to our readers, and who was sentenced to imprisonment for life, in lieu of hanging, for murder, rapine and violence, is to be liberated. His freedom has been obtained through the intercession of the American Consul. He will be sent to America by the first ship the captain of which is willing to take him. One, we are told, declined the honor of accepting so worthy a passenger. It is said that illness has greatly borne him down, and it was expected he would not have lived another six months if kept in prison.

Shall Boggs come unreceived? Are we so lost to our dignity as not to recognize native talent in whatever line it may develope? Here we have the embodiment of a spirit that has sought conquest even under the heats of an East Indian Sun, which has levied tribute from John Chinaman, and made even the British Lion to tremble for his trading boats. Shall he be suffered to land upon his native soil, unhonored and unsung? Forbid it, Spirit of Seventy Six! Forbid it, ye advocates of the extension of the area of Freedom! Let it never be said in the long future that the fame of America was extended to the China Seas, and that its extender returned to his native land without a reception. Let Boole be immediately formed into a committee to receive Eli Boggs.

INCONSISTENT ALREADY.

It may or may not be remembered by our readers, that the *World* newspaper set out on its "venerable career," as Mr. Edward Everett would say, with a firm resolution to be tremendously honest. It was going to have a good assortment of first-class principles, and had engaged a member of the Young Men's Christian Association expressly to do the conscience part of the business. Indeed, we have heard that it could not afford a Conscience Editor and a proof-reader too, so, with extraordinary morality, it preferred the former, and let the latter ignominiously slide.

If we recollect—and we think we do—the *World* declared, in its initial number, that:

"The first business of every press is to be true to itself—true to its own conscience. It must have a conscience, or else not have a character; and if no character, no influence."

We now intend to convict the *World* out of its own mouth, and thus to prove it a journal without character or influence!

Gentlemen of the *World*, we have a strange habit, quite unknown to you, of paying very good prices for very good matter—two institutions of which you seem painfully ignorant. We have, also, a prejudice in favor of the belief that when we pay for anything, it is our property. Many pious people do not entertain this faith, but we do, without laying claim to any especial piety above that of good works.

Well, we buy jokes, and squibs, among other matter, and fancy that they are our own. They are written expressly for us, and paid for by our munificent and lordly publisher. But the *World* doesn't see it. The *World* quietly nips our little innocent jokes, and never even has the fairness to put "Vanity Fair" after them as credit.

Where is your "conscience," gentlemen of the *World*? Why are you not "true to it," as you said it was "the business of every press" to be? It is ghastly to see any attempt whatever at mirthfulness, in a paper like yours, but when you deliberately steal our squibs, without even a word to show whence you stole them, we object, on the very same grounds laid down by yourselves, concerning the necessity of conscience to character, and character to influence. *World*, you are a pious old humbug, and we do not believe in you at all. We commend you to examine a certain antique book, now in our possession, which, in a portion called Exodus, gives the following advice, twentieth chapter, fifteenth verse, commonly called the Eighth Commandment:

"Thou shalt not steal."

SUMMER SOLITUDE IN NEW YORK.
No. 1.

Lone Man.—"THAT BOOT'S FINISHED, IS IT?—WELL, NEVER MIND THE OTHER; THE *Herald* SAYS THAT THERE IS NOBODY IN TOWN."

THE GREAT EASTERN.

OPINIONS OF "THE UNDERSIGNED."

I have been to see the Great Eastern.

One fine morning last week, THE AMBROSIAL and THE UNDERSIGNED did procure reporters' passes, and did take a Bleecker-street stage, for the purpose of lending their countenances to that comely aquatic monument of skill and taste, the Big Ship.

There were three young women and two men in the stage, beside us, and I could not help feeling somehow, as if they too were going to see the Great Eastern. In fact, I felt as if "all the world, if not "the rest of mankind," (vide old ZACK) were going to see the Great Eastern. But when the omnibus (I hate omnibuses) stopped at the corner of Hammond-street, and the driver shouted through the pay-hole, "Anybody for the Great Eastern?" I found that THE AMBROSIAL and myself were the only ones who alighted.

The others pursued their way in absurd apathy, as if the Triumph of Mind over Matter were of no consequence and the Great Eastern were not at the foot of Hammond-street. As we approached that henceforth classic haven, we descried tall spars, making themselves loftily conspicuous above the sheds, tents, and booths that infest the vacant lots thereabout. Both of us began to commence to prepare to get ready to become enthusiastic. The flush of excitement glowed upon our manly cheeks, and our willing note-books were sought by tremulous hands.

We threaded our devious way through the crowd of unwashed persons who try to sell lemonade, peaches, and lager-bier from ricketty impromptu tables, and saw a long, long, long, long black hull, striped with white, surmounted by many masts and smoke-stacks, lying in unconscious majesty and twenty-seven feet of water, at the end of the dock.

We smothered our feelings and showed our passes, on which we were permitted to enter the vessel through a square gangway near the stern. At the foot of the stairs that led to the deck, was a turnstile, through which I was unceremoniously shoved by a man with buttons. THE AMBROSIAL, on the contrary, was seized by another man—an elderly nautical person—and smuggled through a side entrance, where he had to leave his autograph in a book, for some reasons unknown.

This mysterious operation over, we rejoined each other, and went up on deck.

It was wide. It was long. It was spacious. It suggested promenades and quadrilles. The G. E. would be a splendid craft for moonlight excursions around Staten Island, such as I used to enjoy on the *Thomas Hunt*. There wasn't room on the *Hunt's* decks, I remember, for ALICE and me to waltz, but there would be, here.

THE AMBROSIAL, fired with marine enthusiasm, mounted the raised platform where the steering apparatus was, and I followed. There were many large wheels, and many large compasses, which we examined closely. Not much variety about them. The wheels were all alike, and the compass-needles all pointed one way. I remarked this, and THE AMBROSIAL, whose father is a jolly Ancient Mariner, chid me hilariously for my ignorance of that useful but impassive instrument, the compass. Then we leaned over the taff-rail, and looked away down the sheer depth of iron wall, to the water, far below.

"For the first time," observed my friend, "I realize where I am. This," he added, solemnly, "is the Great Eastern!"

"Yes," I replied, "and this is the Great Stern."

We then journeyed forward, over the vast prairie of deck, stopping to glance at the smiling villages of houses for the accommodation of the donkey-engine, the officers, and such. One of these, the captain's house, I believe, we looked into, and found it charming. It had an elegant parlor, with polished grate, marble mantel, mirrors, pictures, carpet, clock, sideboard—the luxuries of the sea and the season, in fact. A nice, cosey little bedroom adjoined, wherein sat a handsome, gentlemanly person, with buttons. I fancied him to be Captain J. VINE HALL, and no doubt he was all my fancy painted him. I was glad he was good-looking. The G. E. deserves a good-looking captain.

Ascending to the top of what THE AMBROSIAL called the "starbud" paddlebox, we had an excellent view of the whole vast bulk—the expansive deck—the long rows of large boats hanging on each side—the lofty masts and chimneys above—the long lines of the bow, stretching far into the South and the long lines of the stern, stretching far into the North. We were particularly struck with the symmetry and grace of these lines. Notwithstanding the enormous size of the ship, she as light, as elegant, and as graceful as a sea-nymph, or the pretty GALE sisters in a pas de deux. And that is saying a good deal. She seems wonderously strong and staunch, too, but I say, if she *should* be wrecked, what a tremendous wreck she would make, eh?

After a visit to the extreme tip of her nose, we returned and went below, to the First Dining Saloon, a plain neat hall, where a very fair brass band were discoursing very solemn music. Here also were several enterprising gentlemen who had no end of "Great Eastern Waltzes," and "Great Eastern Polkas," for sale, each ornamented with a highly-colored lithographic titlepage, very unlike the Great Eastern. Thence we visited the Grand Saloon, a beautiful and orientally-luxurious place, with large mirrors, gold-figured paper, arabesque paintings, soft carpets, chandeliers, and rich furniture. It was splendid. It was gorgeous. It was thundering comfortable.

So were the staterooms, at the sides of this saloon. Nice little rooms, with four or six berths, wide and reposeful—tables—nice washstands—long velvet-cushioned sofas, and everything as neat as a pin. I wouldn't be one particle disgusted, if the Directors were to offer one of those staterooms to THE AMBROSIAL and THE UNDERSIGNED for an excursion somewhere.

Leaving these delights, we braved a narrow and tortuous stairway to the Engine Room. Here were enormous masses of iron, some polished and some painted green. Great wheels, and shafts, and cylinders, and screws, and bolts, and couplings—ponderous affairs, which under certain circumstances, would materially assist in producing the tremendous wreck I have mentioned. If those iron things got to sloshing around loose, I should desire to be set on shore immediately. THE AMBROSIAL hazarded the opinion that the engine was a Big Thing, and I thought that was About the Size of It. When we had satisfied our curiosity and got a good deal of grease on our hands from the stair-rails, we went forward again, and penetrated into the bowels of the leviathan, down five pairs of stairs. Each story grew lower and more dismal, like the stories in the Sunday papers, till the last, which was dark, and smelt pungently of tarred oakum—a scent which rendered THE AMBROSIAL aquatically gleeful again, reminding him, as it did, of a certain semi-marine loft in the house of his father, the Ancient Mariner, wherein were stored the nautical properties of that pleasant Gentleman.

We had now about exhausted the charms of the G. E., and began to feel tired, so we took a last lingering look around, and departed through another square gangway, near the bow. From the shore, the G. E. presents a very striking view, calculated, as the reporters say, to excite mingled feelings of admiration and awe. I wish, however, that somebody would paint her chimneys a better color. They are now of a faded cream tint, like a new meerschaum. Perhaps, like that, they will require a color when they have been smoked more.

In conclusion, my opinion of this vessel may be stated in the words of many advertisements. She is "a new and commodious steamer," and I am

The Undersigned.

SABBATARIAN GRAMMAR.

HAVING been rendered idiotic by the perusal of a letter, published in one of the heavy dailies, we must be pardoned if we make some idiotic remarks thereon.

As nearly as we can make out, somebody has been annoyed by a concert-saloon performance near his house, and wants the heavy daily before mentioned, to do something. But behold the extraordinary manner in which this somebody goes about the task of letting the World know these facts! He begins a long way off, and stumbles toward the mark in this fashion:

> "I read with great interest your praiseworthy endeavor to resist by the influence of your excellent journal, the attempt being made to desecrate the comforts of a quiet, well ordered Sabbath, by the introduction of those offensive concerts,—the glaring light of cigar and other stores—kept open in defiance of the laws."

Why "the glaring light of cigar, and other stores" should be designated as "those offensive concerts," rather puzzles us. How is "introduction" of lights, alone, can "desecrate the comforts of quiet, well ordered Sabbath" too, may be a problem to some our sane readers, but we have not sufficient reason left to explain it.

Our Sphynx-like and Eleusinian Sabbath-keeper goes on to become more explicit, though hardly more lucid:—

> . . . . feeling that our views on this point are entirely agreeing, I beg to call your attention to the "New ——— hall," Broadway, near Bleecker street, hitherto known as ——— hall, and has been used for political meetings. But judge of the offence to myself and family upon returning from church last Sunday evening, to hear the clash of noisy instruments, and then screaming, in a loud female voice—some ballad, I suppose; for I immediately closed my "house's ears," and went to the front rooms, feeling more discomposed than I can explain, and could not retire to rest till it ceased.

The construction of that first sentence defies competition. He begs to call the editor's attention to the New ——— hall, and has been used for political meetings! We are really very glad to hear it, though we are not quite sure that it is we have heard. His second sentence is plainer. We judge of the offence to himself and family, upon returning from church to hear the clash of noisy instruments, etc. Why did he return to hear said clash, then? And, if not impertinent, might we inquire what the offence is, of which we are to judge?

It may not be very clear, either, that connection between his closing his "house's ears," and his supposition that the screaming in a loud female voice was "some ballad," but he is evidently satisfied with it, so we cannot object. Still, we must say that this clause does not render us the least assistance in judging of the offence to himself and family. Perhaps we shall get more light—a whole "concert" of "glaring light," it may be—from the next statement:—

> "The nuisance continues nightly till 1 o'clock, and the windows open; and, by the advertisment, it is to be extensively carried out. It will seriously interfere with the peace and quiet of many families for it embraces a large square of ground, and the houses cannot avoid hearing the loud music and singing."

Ah! The nuisance continues nightly till midnight, "and the windows open". Of course the windows open. They are all made so as to open, now-a-days. "And by the advertisment, it will be extensively carried out." Does this refer to the ballad, the opening of the windows, the advertisement, or—lucky thought!—to the nuisance? There is no positive internal evidence that it does *not* refer to the nuisance, so we shall believe it does, for the present. We wish, however, that this writer had been a little more circumspect in his treatment of the word "and." We fancied, from the first, that he would get into difficulty with it, and now we see that it has bothered him a good deal more than the performances in the "New ——— hall and has been used for political meetings."

Taking it for granted that the nuisance is referred to, we find that "it embraces a large square of ground, *and* the houses cannot avoid hearing the loud music *and* singing." Verily! Walls have ears, then, at last! Arr-ears perhaps. In the language of builders, a chimney, a tower, a wall, or even a whole house, may Cant, as effectually as this gentle and ungrammatical Sabbatarian, but we hardly imagined that such canting could be heard by any other house, even though it were an Auricular Hospital.

We have no heart to copy the end of this letter, and the weather is too hot for affairs of honor, or we should demand an immediate explanation, on behalf of the English Language—an institution that has done us many kind services before now. In conclusion, however, we must insist upon this gentleman's closer observance of his principles. As he evidently considers the Sabbath a day for total peace and silence, so far as possible, let him hereafter keep as silent about it as he possibly can.

HOW WE MEAN TO DO IT.

We have always emphatically declared that we were not above receiving instruction; for what saith the wise man of old? "Thou art never too ancient to listen unto the words of wisdom."

With this great guiding star for our faith, we have been watching with anxious eyes, the course of the Trustees appointed to erect a monument in Independence Square, Philadelphia. We knew from the first that these gentlemen would do something, and they have gone and been and done it. After having wisely concluded beforehand how much the monument shall cost, they have with a financial acumen, beyond praise, laid down the law concerning the amount each state shall contribute. New York is mulcted in the sum of $50,490, while Pennsylvania pays only $38,250. Massachusetts must fork over $10,830, while New Jersey is let up with $7,650. Not content with laying down the law as to the sum required our financiers also imperatively name the day on which it must be paid; one fourth on July 1st, 1861, the balance in three equal instalments on the first day of each succeeding year.

Now *that* we hold to be emphatically the way to do it, and, for her, we declare it to be our intention to do likewise. For many months we have felt that the growing importance of our journal required room in which to swell. In plain terms we want an office, a new office. The *Times*, the *World*, the *Daily News*, and various other obscure sheets, revel in brown stone, white marble and architectural ION; why should not we? To that end we would inform the different states and cities—without caring whether they are the original JONS or no—that we have concluded on the cost of our new building, and apportion the amounts among them as follows: Philadelphia, which by the consolidation takes in rather more than three quarters of the state, $22,847; Virginia, exclusive of ROGER A. PRYOR, $12,912; Massachusetts, exclusive of Boston, which we mean to tax at a small percentage on its own valuation, $6,534. We flatter ourselves that we shall make rather a good thing out of Boston. New Jersey—wanting the cultivation which we only can impart—$45 789. Beyond these items we shall proceed no farther at present, but wait until the sums we need have been paid in. In our judgment the money will be required in the following instalments, and we call for them in this order: One-fourth, on the 1st day of August next, and the remaining three-fourths as soon as possible after. The design and location of our new office is not yet settled on, but that need not deter those mentioned above from immediately sending on the funds.

We earnestly hope that our way of doing it will please Philadelphia and induce her to immediately respond. There is no higher compliment to pay genius than to copy its works.

In a Tight Place.

Our Tammany reporter informs us that some desperate attempts were made recently in the old Wigwam to read WOOD out of the Democratic Party, but that they failed in consequence of the leading officials being unable to *read*—a circumstance which compelled them to leave FERNANDO in for a Spell.

We Think So.

MRS. JOHN WOOD'S photograph ought to be good, for she Takes Well everywhere.

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

No pent up cuticle contracts our powers,
For all we *want* we'll *grab*—and call it ours.

CHAPTER V.

PHILADELPHIA editors perfect Arabs—always roaming about—in all the watering places—on excursions—romantic and scientific benders—wherever there's something good from rising of sun even unto going down of same always put themselves down for two large chances. All of 'em Colonels—nomadesde camp—all good natured as split watermelons. Recur to topic because didn't exhaust it the first time and because met some on deck of boat going up from Cape May. Was FITZG heralded to the party with due courtesy—first introduction to GODEY of Ladies' Book—gentlemen of great affability and humor—friend of more daughters of America than any man that ever lived. Put curious enigma to me—told him my name was DAVIS not ŒDIPUS and couldn't do it, but would make it all right as soon as I got my trunk open, if any of the party had a corkscrew. Next 'dividual, Major FREAS of Germantown Telegraph—praiseworthy citizen—regular F. F. F. one may say, since fun, FREAS and fishing go together whenever he's after the trout. JESPER HARDING of Inquirer, veteran of press—made more Bibles than any man alive; beat the seven story stack of Bibles story all to pieces. Father CRUMP aboard—good old soul as ever lived—one who like unto DICK STODDARD is full of "curious learning and quaint humor." Talked terrapins, type, turtle-soup, tragedy, tobacco, trotting, truffles and turkey till we arrived in Philadelphia. Went straight to Girard House—best house going—asked good little boy with a hymn book, named CHADWICK, if Mr. GIRARD was in? Said he'd just stepped out. Inquired for MRS. GIRARD—said she'd gone in country but had left word to give me a room if that was what I wanted. Told him I must know first if they kept a cow—never put up at taverns where they used bought milk; wasn't green if I did come from New York. Told me that cow was feeding somewhere down street but would be home by sundown—if she didn't, he or CHARLEY DUFFY would bring her in by the horns. Asked me if I took a cocktail for tea? Told him no—took it to be ardent spirits and bitters. Looked gravely, steadily at me and said I'd do. CHADWICK 'markable man—got 812.837 intimate friends and is on speaking terms with the rest of mankind. Pious people all—Col. PRESBURY first man of whom it was ever said "he *can* keep a hotel—and he *can*." Saw Col. SYKES, late of Sebastopol—beg leave to express to him due sense of gratitude for numerous courtesies. 'cause why—in midst of life we are in death—and should be sorry to cave in or give out with an unpaid thank due.

SARATOGA—grand word—reads well in history and looks uncommonly nobby in VANITY FAIR. Always nice—other places, Newport or Sharon, may go up, but Saratoga don't go down—except in the form of Congress or Empire water—and hope never will. Some people fond of saying how long they've been going there. Know one case of gentleman who went to Saratoga and his parents before him—grandfather went there before them to fight during Revolution and great grandfather before him to trade with Indians. Indians used to dip water up with calebash and swill a gallon—hadn't learned to pay two shillings a bottle for it or would have learned to treat it with more respect and size their drinks. United States Hotel the full blossom one; Union and Congress Hall the lesser flowers, but all very good. U. S covers numerous acres, surrounds a serene court—close your eyes some day next winter when you hear Saratoga mentioned and I'll bet the first thing you see'll be that quadrangle—people laying off in chairs or strolling round, or may be a summer vision of the lawn back of the house, where, after dinner, ladies appear in graceful multitude on one side and gentlemen in cigar'd comfort on the other, waiting to see all sorts of stylish vehicles and lovely horses, fast trotting girls and two-thirty men roll away in lively luxury to Saratoga Lake. More of them come and more—believe I've seen more beautiful girls go riding away towards that lake of afternoons than ever filled muslin anywhere else on this side of Paradise.

Before breakfast—on portico RANDOLPH and I scanned people—old BUNGO and two nieces—everlasting scan-magpies—one of 'em pretty—more's pity—lost even her vanity in her endless mania for gathering gossip—fine dark eyes—think they're rolling in soul do you?—nothing of the kind—only puppets dancing on the organ while it grinds out a tune about the sins and sorrows of people and families she don't even know. Pretty lips!—oh yes—more mischief goes through them than ever went through the Lion's Mouth of Venice—those accusations used to be examined into—her's ar'nt. A fine Sévres vase, gracefully designed, daintily colored, fit for noblest uses—converted to a slop jar! Great mistake however to suppose such girls not liked. LETTIE BUNGO quite noted—always quoted—no want of simple sisters to praise her or soft-headed breth'ren to adore. But the bricks quiz her—she knoweth it not—and the women who are true gold pass her quietly and afar off as in a dream—there are mysteries of life which the gossip-hunter never dreamed of—there is a world, sometimes even around her into which she has not peeped—the cosmopolite and truly gentle world which sayeth naught of such BUNGOS, and only murmurs at times to them from afar—*bon soir la compagnie!*

Look further on—see another New York friend—SANTA NEROLI—an odd girl some people call her—a very nice girl LUCY DE BROOM says—one of the kind who have very few friends—go through life quiet as violets under green leaves. Don't think I ever quite understood her till I knew her brother EUSTACE. When you want to understand one member of a well ordered family study the others, unless the brother is a very aqualactic youth in which case sister generally has a good deal of man—or devil—in her. EUSTACE NEROLI not soft, not hard, not muff; on first acquaintance vexatiously immaculate. Sister in consequence is graceful and gentle but with latent fire. If he could take one step further into demonstrative genius, would be a brick. Sister beats him in the long run. Talk to her long enough—a good while and you'll knock sparks. SANTA NEROLI always in black—very thin rather tall but graceful as a serpent. No plumpness about her and yet so well rounded and lithe—shows no angles—grand eyes romantic, home like, strange, familiar, dreamy, funny—have seen a dozen characters in them within four seconds. Simmers down when you begin to talk of other people, until she dries entirely up. Don't know many first class folks and *won't* know anybody else—goes silently with EUSTACE on through life, looking into flowers and perfumes and poetry and art and shells for the ideas and love which the world don't give.

Think SANTA NEROLA will marry uncommonly well some day—sure of it. All such graceful obscurities sure to? Young ladies is'nt it queer—but running round in the world and making your capital of gossip and belle-ship isn't *always* the sure ticket. Why is BABYLONIA SMINKE unmarried; she the lovely veteran of ten seasons? The fact is—you may have forgot it visiting round so much above Fourteenth-street—but there's a Providence and I find a strong proof of it in the fact that by some unaccountable mystery the SANTA NEROLIS always marry very well out of their timid and gentle obscurity, while the BABYLONIA SMINKES and BUNGOS go old maiding about or sit down to a grand match—which generally turns out one of the devil's own making.

Make party with NEROLIS—go down spring, drink water. RANDOLPH was devouring Green Seal last night—thinks Congress uncommonly nice—SANTA seems to find it uncommonly nasty. RANDOLPH wishes spring was in New York, right in centre of Gramercy Park Square, running out of pitcher which the HEBE is holding in the fountain. Would send over for a pail—two pails—of it, every morning. Inspect bottling process—curious and useful—Miss NEROLI thinks it must remind us all of Bubbles from the Brunnens—and suggests that during the Middle Ages it would have been called a Holy Well and had a romantic legend and a lovely saint.

XUM

Tell her that she shall be the individual and will do the legend myself on first convenient foolscap. Randolph muttered in undertone something about Congress waiter's always being a "pious old drink" from the word go, and doubted if I could add to its sanctity. Began to sing my beautiful legend extempore. "There was a saint lived in a well—fari tolol diddy da. Of all the saints she bore the bell—with a rowly powly"—am abruptly interrupted by cries of horrible! from Miss Neroli and groans from Randolph, under cover of which we turn to return to breakfast.

Always enjoy breakfasts at Saratoga—Randolph says his would be 'mproved if he could only see the ostentatious and wide spreading cullud pusson who used to extend from Philadelphia hither as head-waiter. He was a superbe, said Randolph—a thirty-five-hundred dollar darkey—it was as good as seeing a check on the Chemical Bank flying round, to be sold such a fine piece of property waiting on me. "Ah" says Randolph "you Northerners don't know how to feel rich. I don't car how wealthy you are—you can't realize what opulence is till you *see it* buy flesh and blood. Money becomes something noble and aristocratic then—something fit for a gentleman to own and handle. I declar I sometimes think if I lived North I'd prefer poverty to riches. What *are* riches if you can't buy servants with 'em? Empty delusions—mere counters—abstractions. "Man" said Randolph—rising to eloquence "is never self-realistic—till he *owns somebody!*" And here he relapsed into silence and solemnity. 'Tisn't very often Randolph airs his Richmond sociology—when he *does* it comes strong and produces effects in those holding contrary opinions. Pretty Santa Neroli—wasn't used to hear anybody express opinions boldly—opened her great eyes at Randolph—and then with a great effort said merrily:

"I suppose if you lived in the North sir, you'd have to be content with a wife for a slave. She would probably make you realize the value of money quite as well."

"Ar' thar any wives to be bought?" inquired Randolph negligently. So we voted it a draw game, and breakfast being over made up a party with General Jim—m of Louisville and his nieces Juliette and Jolliette to roll tenpins.

Tenpins great institution at Old Saratoga. Can tell a Saratoga roll wherever I see it—recognized one once in the Bohemian village of Zhiretzwrzch. Peasants rolling balls with holes in 'em on turf at

"That man Sha—ad?"

pins—traveller stopped and gave one long winder—all our party halloed out "Saratoga by Jupiter." So it was. Made up party with the Nerolis and Bungos—rolled like Revelations—scared up spares and ten licks enough to last over winter and have a few left for spring. Santa rolled magnorously, likewise. Quiet, steady firm and always astonished at her own luck. I like that girl—oh Flinders! if you were only here—oh my rowdy angel, my beloved my blessed! Tenpins accomplished, adjourn to circular railroad. Go around like revolving pin-wheels until creation seems one blaze of Fourth of July. Extraordinary creature this same human Man—only set him up on something that goes and how he *do* letter rip!

Next move—towards Indians. Indians make moccassins, bead work, war clubs to brain enemies with—asked one old buffer if he'd scalped anybody lately and where he buried the bodies—answered "two shillin" and grunted. Inquired price of good-looking squaw, replied "whiskey." Asked him "mungawampooneaghuwadawanuckwick taquock?" and got it all back with compound interest. Ladies struck with awe at my accomplishments as linguist—asked me to ask old bull Injun price of work bag. Took bag up and exclaimed volubly "Tautaugcohogscuppaugmiantonomohwumsuttanaumkeog?" Injun held up four figures and grunted "shillens." Shook my head and said *whangdoodle*—Injun grunted dissent. Smiled blandly and remarking "pizarinctum metamorality" held out extra middle finger drawing down my left under eye lid. Injun nodded assent. Gave him sixty-two cents and took bag. Immense amazement, and request to "talk some more Indian." Face up to the senap and began:

"Mah pac adirondac. Wie gehts alleweil dehr alter Schweinigel?"

"Ugh!"

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen bluhn?"

"Ugh!"

"Clenicus in sella, gaudet veniente puella."

"Ug—gh!"

General delight—people always like what they don't understand. Ladies wanted to know where learned to talk Indian. Not knowing couldn't say, but murmured "travel." "On his cheek," added Randolph.

Dinner—Monks's band—fed pretty well—got one of Old Dexter's go carts and kittens—let out for Ballston. Great place in olden time—thirty years ago when poet sung in hot day:

"Oh Saratoga, Lebanon, Niagara and Ballston.
The man who does sigh for you this weather must be all stone."

Somebody told me that allusion was here made—good naturedly you know—to Aelston the painter, who would'nt go out of town one summer and was thus by poetic leisure, petrified. So the times fly by—*ville est la vie—alles hat seine Zeit.* It's a queer thing to go back to the days when N. P. Willis was a gay youth with a fine large crop of curls, and a little jaunty cap put on top-side-ways, with a page in cataracts of soldier-buttons, running after him—when the General's songs were new, and Percival was recited in evening-parties, and ladies still sang Moore's Melodies—queer to go it all over and recal the hotels which were and are not—and fashions which are faded—tunes now found only in old, quaintly engraved music columns—belles who are now hardly *jeune encore*, save to the politest of beaux. Then people were just as merry as at present in their watering places—held just as much to their "style" and "*ton*"—we call it *tone* now-a-days—but 'twas all set in a different key, Madame—or the tune was played on different instruments—how is it that and this never occurs to you when you see General Deadwood, or my Lady Cramoisie Velours, as they walk about the promenades, and sit in the parlors of the United States? If you could only step right into their memories, dear reader—walk right into the secret halls of their minds and see this Saratoga as *they* once saw it, and feel its spirit of the days of high collars and short-waisted dresses as *they* felt it—'twould be as marvelous to you as though the incantation scene in Der Freyschutz, got up with all the resources of Domdaniel and Tophet should suddenly burst on your eyes when peeping into a stereoscope. Not so horrifying certainly—not so alarming—but quite as odd, dear lady—quite as different from what you are now feeling in the *régime* of hoops and alligator bonnets. "Ah, they were pleasant days, my dear," says Madame Velours. Parbleu! Madame—we believe it.

In these times Cooper used to sit in parlor of Sans Souci hotel and read his forthcoming novel to lady-guests—*tempi passati.* Some day a book will appear on by gone Saratogans—Frank Waddell and all who once contributed to make these pleasant places still more pleasant.

Or take drive to Lake—make day's excursion—go to further end—spring there great for external ailments—beautiful place. Picnic—forget cares and sorrows—pass Clicquot or chablis or scup'nong or whatever you've got and be jolly. There's an air of quaint antique gentle, high-toned jolliness—a creamy joyousness all over Saratoga—there's a witchery of high old times in a high-toned way in the very atmosphere, even as the witchery of olden time and dreaminess lies over Sleepy Hollow. *A vos beaux yeux Madame!* let us light our cigars!—and when we meet again be glad once more and know each other as those did who once retired from the world to the merrie Theleme of Saratoga. Farewell then oh Congress, Empire, High Rock, Flat Rock, Iodine, Hamilton, Columbia, Putnam, Pavilion and what other springs there may be unknown or known to fame. Many a coming summer find me again among you!

The Inconvenience of a new Chambermaid.

SHE IS SO HANDY IN ARRANGING THINGS.

HUNT THE SLIPPER.

MR. VANDUSEL IS JUST IN THE MOOD TO LIE OFF COMFORTABLY AND—"OH DEAR! WHAT HAS BECOME OF MY SLIPPERS?" JUST OUT OF ARM'S REACH OF COURSE—THE BUREAU NAILED DOWN, AND NO CANE OR POKER.

WHERE IS THE TOWEL.

JUST WASHED—GOT HIS EYES FULL OF STINGING SOAP—FEELING ABOUT FOR TOWEL—AND NONE THERE! (*A little profanity is here allowed.*)

TESTIFICATORY LITERATURE.

The curiosities of the patent-medicine-puffing class of literature, would, if collected, form an inventive and instructive library of many columns. We are not going to collect them, however—do not be afraid. So far from dwelling on the subject at large, indeed we are going to confine ourselves to the consideration of some points, literary and otherwise, connected with a thing called "The Lactonah," for our first information respecting which we are indebted to the advertising columns of our volatile young cotemporary, the *World*. Quoted in the Lactonah department of that journal, we find the following, the lack of literary tone prevailing in which, is very characteristic of the leaders of the heavy illustrated press, and quite harmonious with the celebration of Lactonah, which, in its Latin derivation, displays a tendency to milk, and is, probably, not altogether innocent of water.

"'INVIGORATE, O, JUVENIS!' saith the bard. All the physical and mental developments of man depend upon the state of the digestive organs and the stomach; therefore he that shall place within the hands of this melancholy race a stimulant to energy and perseverence which will ever lift the cloud of melancholy from the brain, is a doer of good deeds. We can certify that 'LACTONAH' will do all this, and is especially valuable to parties suffering from debility."—*New York Illustrated News.*

There is an exciting mystery in the above brief but brilliant essay, arising from the difficulty of placing the person or thing characterised in the expression, "melancholy race," a claimant to which there would appear to be no less than five parties on foot, viz: "Juvenis," "the bard," "man," the digestive organs; the stomach. This matter the parties in question must settle among themselves: at least we won't do it, as our dramatic critic declines to investigate the subject any further, having already devoted himself to it for two whole days and nights, without success. The reader will remark that "parties suffering from debility" are mentioned in the article from the heavy illustrated paper. Had "nobility" been the word, instead of "debility," there might there have been salvation in Lactonah for suffering New York victimized in so heavy an amount for the love of the aristocratic Japanese, and now preparing its BOOL-ish marrowbones for a genuflexion, before the coming GUELPH. As it is, we must reserve our belief in Lactonah, and proceed to the consideration of testimonial No. 2, which, if not instructive, will at least be found amusing.

WHAT A MOTHER SAYS.

"It should be known, my son, aged 25, seemed ordained to bring me with sorrow to the grave. He had been saved from the drunkard's fate by the wonderful virtues of the Lactonah. I secretly poured one fifty-cent bottle of the Lactonah into a bottle of his rum. I noticed the rum lasted twice as long as usual. When he opened another bottle, I poured a bottle of the Lactonah into that also. In two weeks it was not more than half emptied. I have known it to go in a single day before I adopted this expedient. A few days afterward, when one of his companions asked him to 'go and take something,' he replied, 'Why, Tom, I cannot drink now, for I hate the smell of all kinds of liquors.'" Three months have passed without a relapse, and I believe he is entirely reclaimed.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER."

Setting aside the justification of motive, and taking a practical view of the episode to which "Tom" lends so much reality in the above pleasing little sketch from real life, we would respectfully suggest that the power of Lactonah as a rumifuge will be materially depreciated if it is to be blown upon in this way. Anybody who detects a queer taste in his rum, henceforth, must be a great fool if he does not immediately attribute it to Lactonah, and a very good-natured one if he does not at once proceed to the destruction of every bottle of that obnoxious fluid within his reach. Certainly, unless actually an idiot, he would take prompt measures, under the circumstances, of placing his private alcohol under lock and key, for the future. Thus it is that testificatory literature ever defeats its ends. The "Grateful Mother" has irreparably damaged Lactonah by her want of reticence. Indeed she appears, to our way of thinking, to be a very unsafe old person, generally. We would not drink with her upon any account.

A word of two more, and we will retire from the drug business for the present. The opening paragraph of the Lactonah monograph contains the following arrangement, which is probably intended to apply to the physic in question, but in reality a recommendation of a person unknown to us.

GIVES ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

"The dyspeptic and feeble should never be without."—*Judge W. W. W.*

We are puzzled to guess why the eloquent writer who devotes himself to the celebration of Lactonah, should thus suddenly reject the idea of that medicine, and recommend debilitated persons to have recourse to a Judge, instead. On second consideration, we think we see a glimmering of light, however. Judge W. W. W. is, possibly, a very comical person, a judge of other liquors than Lactonah, and one whose laugh would do more to stir up a sluggish liver than any advisably quantity of that thing. If this is so, there is sense in the recommendation. If this is so, take away the drug and bring up the Judge, by all means.

1*st. Jolly Burglar.*—COESINDO, SIMMONS!—THAT AIN'T FAST ENOUGH FOR A FIFTH-AVENUE PIANO.

PUNNING MADE EASY.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUNSTER.

(Continued.)

The establishment of a PUNNERY, in which public instruction in the noble art may be given, may justly be called the want of the age. Strange as it may seem, yet there is not in any of our Colleges a Professorship of Punning established. Not certainly for want of educated Punsters, or of general interest in the art, but from pure blindness to its importance. Yet civilization is evidently incomplete without the Pun; upon the apex of enlightenment stands the Punster, the great statue for whom the pedestal was built.

An institution such as I suppose will be the wonder of the world. Imagine a colossal Palace, an immense temple of the most imposing architecture, filled with all the conveniences for punning, ably conducted by the first punster of the day, and attended in vast numbers by the most intelligent of our youth. Was there ever such a scene presented in all the records of antiquity? Not one. The mind is dazzled in its contemplation, credulity itself becomes sceptical. Oh! you can hardly believe it, I know, for this Punnery seems like marriage to an old girl, too good to be true.

Yet the reality will transcend the imagination; and here again the simile holds true. Behold, where a flight of ivory steps, ascends like a frozen cataract, to a pavilion, from which a thousand marble columns mount like petrified fountains, through which glitter the luminous perspectives of uncounted stately halls, wherein stand the marble statues of all the mighty masters of our glorious pasttime, who made the past famous—ARISTOPHANES, SHAKESPEARE, RABELAIS, HOOD, and LAMB; behind which tower the forms of living greatness, LOWELL, SAXE, BROUGHAM, and the VANITY FAIRIES who now wield the wands the children of OBERON bequeathed. Colonnades, terraces, and fountains of diamond light, that diademed with the sunbow by day, with the moonbow and star-wreath by night, illuminate the classic twilights of the far recesses. Glowing with starry lustre, a crystal dome arches over a wondrous palace, centred by a throne of pearl, in which I am sitting crowned. Around me, as far as the eye can reach, flash the inspired eyes of twelve thousand punsters eagerly listening to my words. I am asking them a conundrum. The silence of a calm at sea, pervades the vast assemblage; to be followed by the roar of a storm, as it is answered. Doors open with a flash of glory, twenty-four thousand female punsters, in ball dress, enter, and each making a different pun, invite us to a sumptuous repast. We consent. A scene of enchantment bursts upon my view—however, cut all that,—but it's going to be a bully kind of a Punnery.

And here will reside in luxury the jovial punsters of the first degree. In mirthfulness and immense jollity, some will spend their happy days; others in some solemn hermitage, fitted up with all the modern conveniences, will devote their lives to the study of some profound conundrum. Yet another class will seclude themselves in caves, for the purpose of making fresh puns. I will, of course, not confine myself to any branch, but moving from room to room, will answer difficult questions, explain jokes, now making a pun, now gracefully joining in a laugh, now smiling kindly at a new beginner, and bestowing my blessing when desired. Ah! it is a situation that will just suit me. Having then been elected PUNSTER LAUREATE, I will faithfully fulfil the duties of that great office, and make first class puns, upon all public events. Places with TENNYSON, I would not change, for a shame it is that Poetry should be preferred to Punning; I have tried both, and know which is best.

The course of instruction to be adopted, I have already indicated. Several excellent Liars, Thieves and Murderers, will be induced to resign their civic situations, and under proper restraints, will be employed as teachers, in the department of sinful Punning. Any person we will admit to our Punnery who is not too stupid—no, no, Mr. TUPPER, you can't come in. A slight tinge of dishonesty will be required, that the student may take a joke without asking permission. Deaf pupils will be taken here, from deference to their misfortune; but no dumb persons admitted because they mutilate their jokes.

If it is asked, where is the money to come from to build this mighty temple?—I reply that there will be a Financial Committee. Price above pecuniary considerations. What do I care for the expense? Have I a narrow mind, to be always thinking of the *money?* What *I* want is Punnery.

There is another point, which in our Punnery will not be neglected. Besides the crime which a Punster must commit, in order to strengthen his moral constitution, certain physical evils are required. To attain that stage of disease necessary, he must put himself under rigid training. The strictest observance of rules is essential, for condition is as important to a Punster, as to a Pugilist.

In training for the Prize Ring, the great rule is to stop eating every thing you like, and eat those things you detest. In this way one hardens his stomach, and makes it insensible to blows. But with the Punster, dyspepsia is essential to success. For this reason he must diet accordingly, avoiding all nourishing food. Early rising is indispensable; in order never to fail, the Punster must sit up all night, smoking a pipe to clear his throat. On no account must he go to bed before sunrise, but after that beautiful affair is settled, the longer he keeps awake the worse he will feel. Staying up after sunrise certainly produces headache, weakness of the eyes, and general dreaminess and disgust. In order to be funny during business hours (a very important thing) you may sleep till after dinner. Four o'clock I have found a very convenient hour to take your breakfast in the afternoon. This meal should chiefly consist of coffee and cigars. You will doubtless feel quite unwell at first, but after five or six cigars you begin to come up again. A fine nervous excitement pervades your frame; you are feverish, and brilliant. Conversation you criticise with singular acuteness; with the nice ear of a musician you detect all harmonies of sound. Now is the time to begin to Pun, and keep it up all night.

In a month or two you will be gratified, after a heavy meal, with leaden pains in the abdominal pit. This is the Dyspepsia. Make a pun on Dyspepsia. Now you feel very badly after dinner, and nothing relieves you but punning and tobacco. Your bodily constitution is becoming materially injured, and the great object, the supremacy of mind over matter, is firmly established. You have pains in the joints, rheumatism in the bones, jerkings in the muscles, palsies in the nerves, throbbings in the brain, tremblings in the toes, wrenches in the knees, swellings in the throat, rusti-

XUM

ness in the cartilages, shooting fires in the back, and a general spasmodic action when attempting to walk. This is all as it should be. You are rapidly approaching that sublime condition when you will be fit for nothing but making puns. As an indication of what you are coming to, you will observe that you are losing your interest in all other intellectual occupations. Being now confined most of your time to your bed, you have ample time for your favorite pursuit, and are not led away from it, by the temptations of amusement.

Let it be written in golden letters, that He who seeks for Happiness, can never find bliss in the Pun. Is it not well then that the pupil should put himself beyond temptation, and by maceration of the flesh, and humbling of the body, make pleasures and enjoyments impossible? By all means avoid marriage as an insurmountable impediment to Punning. A wife distracts the mind, and leads to contentment, and conjugal felicity.

(To be Continued.)

THOSE LITTLE BILLS.

OT weather, isn't it' VANITY? Infamously, outrageously, improperly, discreditably hot. Too hot to reason or argue or be sensible or hear the thing that's right. By Jove, Sir! I twitch in my chair, and grow furious at the idea of being called on to perform any duty save that of dozing in my bath. Under the punkah—the wind fan—of DELMONICO and behind a cobbler, I indeed feel like a Christian. Otherwheres I do not.

And yet society, sir—society—hath so ordained it, that just at this boiling baking and stewing time of year; during the month of July, those irritating plagues our little bills must be paid. Now I've no special objection sir, to do this. I have, thank God sir, like all the good readers of VANITY FAIR, a small sum in bank which I devote to debts. But I don't want to be *bothered*, sir, with them at all. I don't want to see, hear, or think of the first item relative to bills, and I wont. (N. B. Since writing the last line, I kicked sir—yes, actually kicked a bill-bearer from my door—a thing seldom done now-a-days, save in lady-novels.)

There's the other season—New Year's—just as malapropos a time to pay up—season when people want money most for presents, charity and sufforth. Perfectly preposterous.

There was a good old Bishop D'AVRANCHES, dear VANITY, who, having observed that certain storms occurred during the vintage, generally on certain saints' days, proposed that in order to save the vine, these saints' days should be transferred to mid-winter, where they might rain and hail away to their hearts' content. My suggestion is that the bill-paying seasons be moved to April and October. Then on fine cool days people might dun away, as much as they pleased. Debtors are more inclined to pay in fine weather—all the world, in fact, feels richer then—and running around is salubrious. I venture to say that were my plan adopted, a fresh stimulus would be given to business; the credit system would be placed upon a firmer basis, and the whole world enter upon a fresh career of industrial what-d'ye-call-it.

P. S. If you don't insert this I shall send it to the *Tribune*.

Do tell!

We want some one to tell us how it is that a rich man is always called DIVES, when every one knows that he invariably Keeps his Head above Water.

We think we hear some one say, "Because he gets on Swimmingly." But that has been done.

By our excited Contributor.

Why is an insane Master of Arts like a lady?
Because he's a MAD-A.M.

A SERMON TO ORGAN GRINDERS.

Come, ye grinders grim and weary.
Cease awhile your windy groans!
Cease your wailings sharp and dreary,
Listen to my dulcet tones!
Duo from La Favorita,
Waltz profane call'd Prima Donna,
Pray suspend, while I repeat à
Few remarks in Virtue's honor.

Wearers of the velvet breeches!
St. Cecilia's humblest flunkeys!
Don't you know the Scripture teaches
That you should not wallop monkeys?
Those who bring the pennies votive—
Those who jump and frisk so sadly—
Friends! pray what can be your motive
When you treat the wretches badly?

Exiled monkey! ah! once floated
All his days serene and silky;
Once to forest love devoted,
He asked why cocoa-nuts are milky?
Then his heavier labors ending,
Hopeless that great truth to know,
By his tail his form suspending,
Swung he swiftly to and fro.

Ended soon that season shiny—
That investigation juicy;
He must cross the billowy briny;
He must dance the LONG MISS LUCY;
In his eyes the tears must glisten—
Milk of life grown sour and curdy;
And O, harder fate! must listen
To the strains composed by VERDI.

Now my TOPIC TWO producing;
Very much I think you'd show
Christian virtue by vamosing,
When you're asked, my friends, to go.
Though with rapture Biddy swelling
Drinks in Operatic joys,
Those who own the cook and dwelling,
May grow frantic at your noise.

Move like gentle grinders *presto!*
Cut your stick *rapidamente!*
Number Sixteen leave to rest! O
Leave to rest, too, Number Twenty!
Hearts will bless the good musician—
Gratitude your art inspire,
When they mark your transposition
Up the street, two octaves higher.

Tuscans! if so dear your art is,
You must either grind or die,
Seek some lonesome vale, my hearties!
There your cranks incessant ply!
Shun the city's strong temptations!
To some desert make your way!
'Midst congenial desolations,
Grind the death of Old Dog Tray.

One more word and I have done now;
You may then resume your tunes:
Really, breth'ren, there's no fun now
In the way you freeze to spoons.
O take heed if you love ranging;
Lest you meet a lowlier lot,
Sing-song into Sing-Sing changing,
And your organ gone to pot!

Formidable Con.

(Founded upon the present Punch System of Jokes.)

Why is spelling like a certain kind of Turtle?
Because it is Taught us.

Of Course.

Ghosts proverbially disappear before daylight, it being impossible for Lights and Shades to exist in the same place.

SUMMER SOLITUDE IN NEW YORK,

THE SENIOR PARTNER OF GOSSAMER & CO. DEBARRED FROM TAKING HIS USUAL SALMON TOUR TO THE SAGUENAY, HAS QUITE A TIME OF IT AMONG GOLD-FISH IN THE STUYVESANT PARK BASIN. THERE IS NOBODY TO INTERRUPT HIM—NOT EVEN A POLICEMAN.

A CROW FOR THE COUNTRY.

Daisies, dandelions, butter-cups, cows, hens, grass, trees, sheep, oxen, honey-suckles, gooseberries, currants, woods, hills, meadows, musquitoes, flies, strawberries and cream, blackberries, raspberries, brooks, turnpikes, chickens, roosters, toll-gates, geese, ducks, clams, crabs, rivers, lakes, pretty girls, salt-water, wells, dinner at twelve o'clock, home-made bread, butter, cake, puddings, pie, low ceilings, vines, front porch, wooden side-walks, hoes, rakes, roses, weeds, tulips, peonies, fences, sun-flowers, pitchforks, hay, wheat, oats, scythes, birds, crickets, cats, caterpillars, bees, wasps, dogs, kittens, fresh air, warm weather, corn, tomatoes, onions, cider, peas, artichokes, potatoes, mush, sweet-meats, high old times in the barn, ploughing, fishing, riding, sailing, swimming, chasing the girls, fun generally, old clothes, bad hat, poor shoes, no newspapers, old almanacs, cheese, good health, no doctors, one undertaker starving for want of a job, clock with a frequent period, cherries, plum meeting house; frog pond, store, blacksmith's shop, no railroad, moonlight nights, no pianos, about six cents, a pound of tobacco, and one or two things more and my style of country is complete. I can appreciate the above and know how to enjoy them.

On the other hand I'm down on Saratoga, hotels, cars, paving stones, niggers, concerts, Congress water, mean rooms, bad dinners, hops every night, roasting weather, no shade, city people, shoplifters, gamblers, fast men, horses, women, consolate small dogs, carriages, rides to the Lake, Junction, Empire water, grocery stores, bar rooms, livery stables, kid gloves, cane, Jeddo hats, silks, umbrellas, promenades, Brass Bands, scups, circular railways, don't-come-near-me-looking parks, billiards, bowling alleys, Aro banks, newspapers, patent leather, fictitious India, double supplies of sunlight, water cures, bathing houses, gymnasia, opera troupes, theatrical performances, tableaux, and fooling with fun generally, pert girls, boarding school jilts, bad oranges, bad peaches, horrid ice, lemon soda, root beer, drug stores, dry goods stores, politicians, ministers, flats and the rest.

I've tried both and can safely sing a crow for my first love, the genuine, original, sweet, smiling, natural, free and easy, do-as-you-please Country. She's mine and I'm HER'S FOREVER.

YE MOCKE AUCTIONERE.

A songe of ye bold Mocke Auctionere,
Who hath ruled in ye citie long!
Who meets wyth a Sneer and greets wyth a jeere,
Ye Police and their Armès strong.

Ye Countryman greene he ryngeth in,
Wyth a redd Flagg at ye Dore;
And wyth Watches brighte in ye broade Daylighte,
He selleth hym sad and sore.

"Goinge! going!" quod ye Auctionere,
"How much for thys watche byd ye?"
"Tenn Dollars!" began ye Countrieman—
Eftsoone hys hammer dropt hee.

Ye Buyer hath shelled out ye Spondulickes,
And gone wyth ye Watch hee prized;
But greeved ye next daye when far awaie,
Hee found itt was galvanized.

And ladyes gay, walke down Broadway
With Chyldren by their Syde;
And looke in ye Denn where ye Swyndlere men
Are shouting aloude in Pryde.

And ye Chyldren aske: "What place is that,
Where ye Man on hys Counter beates?"
And ye Parent saies "A mock Auction Shopp;
And ye Men are are all thieves and cheats."

Ye *Worlde* makes a Dinn o'er the heinous sinn
Of taking a Sundaye ride;
But hath nothing to saye howe in full Broadway,
Ye Swyndleres in peace abyde.

Then ho! for ye bold Mock-Auctionere,
Who hath ruled in ye Citie faire,
And is likely to swaye for many a daye
For all that ye World-lings care.

THE MODERN BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.—Speak to me, what art thou.

GHOST.—Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS.—Why com'st thou?

GHOST.—To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

XUM

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

E were seated in our elegant sanctum, the other day, sipping Heidsick and filling the air with fleecy smoke-clouds. We were thinking upon great and important items; upon rail-splitting as a presidential accomplishment; upon boot-blacking as a ditto; upon judicial dinners to sporting paper reporters; upon the handsome suit of sackcloth and ashes worn by the *World's* Editor in sorrow for the sins of boarding school young ladies; upon the high-mindedness of the EX-EIGHT in resigning the Health Wardenship; upon the probability of the REBECCA'S out-living the notoriety of Plum Gut; upon the Poodle dog question; when our gorgeously apparelled office boy entered, bearing upon a silver tray an old style visiting card, labelled

Mrs. ALMA MATER.

We at once threw aside our fragrant havana and ordered the gorgeous boy to usher the lady into an inner and more inviting apartment. We met Madame at the door with our most inspiring smile, saw her comfortably seated on a luxurious sofa, drew up a matchless chair for ourself, and poured forth our avowals of delight at her welcome, though unexpected visit. We could not forbear complimenting the old lady on her hale and cheery appearance—she positively seemed to have grown younger since we had last seen her.

Fanning herself violently with one hand and at the same time unloosening the strings of her reticule with the other, she broke out thus: "Dear! dear! Mr. VANITY! how you've grow'd. (putting on her spectacles and fixing a stare upon us) 'Tain't possible! Well, I declare, if he ha'nt altered amazin'. 'Spect I shouldn't have know'd you no how if I hadn't heard you speak. I always know'd you'd come to something great. The dear knows I wish all the boys was as promisin' as what you was. But they ain't—not one of 'em. I declare I'm most out of patience with 'em! They're growin' worser and worser every year, and I dunno what's goin' to become of 'em." (Here she snuffed—just as she used to do when FLAKEY was flashing his Trigonometry)

"Indeed!" we put in, "you surprise us very much." You don't mean to say that the boys are falling off or getting lazy or—"

"Oh! dear no! Bless your dear heart! not that, but they're no longer boys; they're not fit for class-rooms; they're nothing but yachtsmen, base ballers, ring fighters, fancy dancers, meerschaum colorers, horse racers, nigger minstrelers, and charities. The dear knows where they pick 'em all up, but they brings their physical exercises into the college along with their baggage and high-school certifikits. Dear! dear!" (sobbing)

"This is truly painful, Madame," said we, thinking it our cue, "and your feelings in the matter are not to be wondered at; they are perfectly natural and praiseworthy. But you see this is a progressive age, a precocious age in every respect, and young men now-a-days——"

"Pshaw! Go long! Stuff! Nonsense! (Here she arose indignantly and started toward the door) I didn't think to hear sich talk from you, VANITY? You ought to know better—you do know better—and its a downright shame for you to utter sich trash in my presence—afore me—your ALMA MATER." The tears trickled down the old lady's cheeks and, perhaps, started from our own eyes. We felt sorry and interposing between her and the door, said: Not at all, dearest Madame! You misunderstood us! We would not for the world purposely wound your feelings. We were only prefacing by a style of speech much used now, our assent in the main with your own views We know as well as you do, Madame, that steamboats, telegraph. and newspapers are no sort of excuse for an excess of folly or vices but——

"There! Laws o' Mercy! That's just like you, VANITY! I know'd, 'twasn't possible for you to have got your mind distended with them ridiculous *Tribune* ideas. I shouldn't have took on so; but what you said was so like all our Sophs—but dear me! I'm getting so old and anything a'most so distracts me. Dear! dear!" (She rocked to and fro for a minute, then continued)

"Well, now VANITY I've come to ask your advice about the boys, whats' best to do with 'em, eh?"

"Really, Madame," we replied "that is a weighty question and one that needs reflection before an answer can be given. How many are there to be this year?"

"Well, close on to twelve hundred," she answered. "Twelve hundred! And all have spent the last four years in yachting, playing base-ball, riding, fighting, dancing, singing and coloring their meerschaums?" "Except the Charities," she exclaimed.

"Ah, yes! exactly! except the Charities. What did you say they did?"

"Well, the Charities?"

"The Charities."

"Well, they didn't do much of anything. Some of 'em got tutorship, some of 'em got pious, and all of 'em got the consumption."

"Consumption? ah! poor fellows! Same old story. Very little can be done with the Charities, Madame. Perhaps the pious ones will make an effort in theology, as usual, but the rest, we fear, are hopeless, utterly hopeless cases."

"Should'nt wonder VANITY. Even the Charities is getting lower and lower. Never mind 'em though, they always manages to look after themselves.''

"What profession seems to be most popular among the regulars at present, Madame?''

"That's hard telling, VANITY. It ain't Literature, that's evident. It ain't Medicine, it ain't the Church, nor it ain't Law."

"How about science and art?"

"Nothing at all about 'em." PETER COOPER and the Smithsonian Institute have done away with 'em altogether."

"Then, as we take it, the choice is about as six is to six. Are we right?"

"I'm afraid you are, VANITY."

"Oh! we forgot to speak of the army and navy. Perhaps the prize-fighters might yearn towards military honors, and the yachtmen for a sailors' life?"

"How you talk, VANITY! Do you suppose I bring up and gradiate twelve-hundred young men a year just to let 'em drown or get shot? What's the use of their getting an edication at all, if that's their taste, eh?"

"But suppose it is their vocation?"

"Humph! Who cares for vocation? Not they, not their parents, not I. What they expect me to give 'em is *position*."

"Without being fit for it?"

"To be sure! what else?"

"Then, Madame, there is only one course to be pursued"

"That's just it, VANITY. I know'd you'd advise your old ALMA MATER out of her difficulties. What is it?"

"We repeat there is only one course to be pursued—make Lawyers of the whole of them."

"Lawyers?"

"Just so."

"What on airth do you mean, VANITY?"

"It was the only way to give them position independent of qualification. In the first place lawyers are scarce, especially young lawyers. It is a rare thing, now-a-days to meet with a lawyer. You never see more than one counsellor's shingle in a mile's walk. In the next, it requires a love for sports, prize-fighting, fancy-dancers, negro minstrelsy and meerschaum-coloring to disqualify men for any respectable position and——"

"Why, VANITY, how philosophical you are, to be sure!"

"Thanks to you, Madame! But *if*, observe the *if*, Madame, there is any professson in life that needs so little beyond these simple tastes of your boys, it is the Bar."

"I dunno but your right, my dear!"

"We think we are, Madame. Make twelve hundred lawyers, and the country will bless you, the Bar and Bench will bless you, politicians will bless you, rascals and evil-doers generally will bless you, and, very likely experience a change of heart instanter."

"Thank you, VANITY. We'll make them lawyers." And the good-hearted old lady bid us an affectionate farewell, kissing us fondly as in days gone by, and we were again alone.

THE *World* which is not of this world gives the following original startling and cordial endorsement of a very interesting work.

"A great literary curiosity, the "*Memoires de Casanova*," had been out of print for a long time, and could be procored only at an enormous price. A new edition of it, which was issued in May, at Brussels, in four volumes, was therefore *very seasonable*, and cannot fail to meet with success."

The Memoirs of CASANOVA DE SEINGALT may be "seasonable" to those who, having exhausted all ordinary abominations, require something with rather stronger seasoning. But we really had no idea that the gentlemen of the *World* were so far gone as this—so utterly *blasée* as to calmly notice, as a great curiosity, and as a greatly needed and desirable work, one of which the by no means fastidious CARLYLE says that if any body has accidentally dipped into it, "let him wash his hands and be unclean until even!" VANITY FAIR has no wish to weigh heavily on the conscience of his pious cotempo., but will still declare it as his candid conviction that never yet in *Times*, *Tribune*, *Herald*, or any other respectable journal of this city was such a work ever so naively and favorably mentioned.

MIND YOUR EYES!

It is a fortunate thing for this misguided world and rebellious generation that we have a HALL'S *Journal of Health* to guide and guard us! That invaluable physiological monitor sets our volition completely aside, and fixes things physically just as they should be, will-we nill-we.

We are told what we must eat, what we must drink—or rather, what we must *not* drink, for the advice as to bibulation is yet to be a little negative—where, how, when, and how much we must sleep, what we must wear, how we must bathe, how we must exercise, and, in fact, everything that we already know much better than HALL'S *Journal of Health* does.

The last good advice of this cheerful paper, that we have examined, is the Treatment of the Eyes—a really important subject We must confess, however, that we think we can do a little better in the same line. At all events, we will try, assuming, as the *Journal of Health* always does, that all human beings are exactly alike, and require exactly the same rules of treatment.

Thus says Dr. HALL, by way of preamble:—

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life, by the too free use of eyesight in reading fine print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it will be well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Then he starts off:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely, over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on first awakening, the eye shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyes light by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

"If the eyelids are glued together, on waking up, do not forcibly open them; but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest dilutant in the world; then wash your eyes and face in warm water."

We accept all these rules, in general, and especially the two first. If we never come from darkness into a bright light, it would be very wrong to "begin to read, write, or sew," after so doing. Still, we have a code of regulations and eye-laws, which we have followed from early infancy, with great success, and think, therefore, that everybody else ought to follow it.

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness. This is only to be accomplished by remaining entirely in the dark.

Never begin to read, write, or sew. Leave off, as frequently as you please.

Never read HALL'S *Journal of Health* by twilight, moonlight, gas-light, lamplight, candlelight, or any other kind of light.

Never read or sew directly in front of the window or door, if the shutters are up or the door closed.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely;—yes *over the left* shoulder!

Never open the eyes, after awakening, before dark.

Do not use the eyesight.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, rub them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not open them for a couple of days. If they remain closed, moisten them with a little tobacco-juice—it is the speediest dilution in the world; then rinse your mouth with warm brandy-and-water.

By close attention to these rules, Major WOOD has preserved his Single Eye in an extraordinarily perfect condition, enabling him to see as far into the political mill-stone as the next man. On the other hand, a gentleman who attempted to follow the directions laid down in HALL'S *Journal of Health* for a week, only got so far as to say he would See the rules darned before he would follow them any longer.

The following certificates, voluntarily sent us by the gentlemen whose names are appended, speak more than volumes for our system:—

NEW YORK, June, 1860.

Dear V. F:—I took the advice you once gave me concerning the use of my eyes, and found it invaluable. Indeed, after adhering to your rules for a week, my visual powers became so great that I could even make my Chest See.

MUSIANI; Tenor, Acad. Music.

Could anything be more conclusive? But here is another:—

ROME, Italy. 1860.

GENTLEMEN:—Your correspondent here recently furnished me with your rules concerning the Use of the Sight, since I commenced following your advice I have had quite a Holy See.

PIO NONO.

Still another:—

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.

EDS. V. F:—Why don't you publish your mode of treating the optical organs? By Jove, Gents, you might all make your fortunes out of it. Why, Sir, I tried them only one month, when my eyesight had been mighty poor, being furnished me by one of your Travelling Agents, and last night, playing draw poker with Judge D—, I Saw his pile and went him five hundred better. Gratefully yours;

Colonel SPERRY of Arkansaw.

Yet one more and we have done:

NEW YORK, June.

VANITY FAIR:—Four years ago, while occupied on a vessel as stevedore, a nautical gentleman Blasted my Eyes. I suffered much in consequence, until I made the acquaintance of one of your contributors, who informed me of your method of preserving those valuable organs. I have practised that method ever since, and now have a fine Building Site. Yours.

Alderman O' SKALLAGHAN.

There! We think that HALL'S *Journal of Health* had better

"Wipe its weeping eyes"

And dry up.

Of Corset's So!

Now that the admission fee to the Great Eastern has been reduced to fifty cents, that vessel may be at length looked upon as a paying concern. We remember the time though when she was decidedly In a Tight Place. The Intelligent Reader will at once perceive that we allude to her Stays.

THE COMIC MURDER.

They have a young person on the New York *Times*, who devotes himself to the severe mental exertion of compiling some score of jokes daily, under the head of "Minor Topics." We say compiling because the young person in question, with judicious modesty, does not treat himself to any fresh, green jokes of his own, but rather prefers the old, well seasoned one of MILLER, and the country exchanges. Jokes on the words "foul" and "fowl" he does not despise, and the collocation "bear" and "bare" he seizes upon with avidity. Facetiæ on draught he will, and can, have none of; of squibs that have lain bottled for years in the cellars of decayed jokes he catches fast hold.

Not long ago, the *Times* joke man put the following in his funny column:

"— Mrs. SENNY, of Springfield, was troubled with a drunken husband, and experimented on her liege lord with the water-cure by pit ching him into the Connecticut River. He swallowed a small quantity of the water, and not being accustomed to the fluid, it acted as a mortal poison. The Coroner's Jury acquitted the lady at once. As her daughter took no hand in giving her father a plunge bath, there was no mystery about the affair."

The ordinary mind might not, perhaps, at once perceive that a murder was here alluded to. Underlying all the facetiousness of the composition is that fact, however. Husband-drowning seems quite a good joke to the *Times* man. Parricide would doubtless inspire him with hilarity, and a nice case of child-murder probably afford him amusement for a whole afternoon. But seriously, we can do without this style of "Minor Topics," Mr. RAYMOND, and as for the young man who "does" them, permit him to subside, please. He will soon find another place; SMITH Brothers are dreadfully in want of somebody to construct puff-jokes about their Fall things.

SOLDIERS.

"THE ZOUAVE DRILL," IN THE OPINION OF OUR ARTIST "HAS CERTAINLY BORED OUR GALLANT WHAT DYE'CALLEMS CONSIDERABLY—NOT BUT WHAT THE WHAT DYE'CALLEMS ARE FIRST RATE SOLDIERS YOU KNOW AND ALL THAT!

A LITTLE MORE CIDER REQUIRED.

LISTEN! The Special Committee of the Board of Education, appointed to investigate the Fourth Ward School Difficulties, have recommended the adoption of a resolution censuring the actions of the Trustees in dismissing, "without any just cause, nine competent and faithful teachers." The committee further propose an amendment to the by-laws of the Board, which shall make it lawful for any teacher hereafter dismissed by Trustees, to still claim the position and salary as if no dismissal had taken place; that is to say provided the Board itself shall decide in favor of the teacher.

Nobody can take exception to the adoption of this clause, which is particularly delightful to amiable young lady professors and especially discomfitting to bullying groggery keepers, who happen to be Trustees of Ward Schools, for a term or two.

But if the Committee will put on its thinking cap, it will perhaps discover that Messrs. SHINE and Co., the original getters-up, and proprietors of the line of proceeding so popular in the Fourth Ward, have gained and hold all the points they desire. They made a large strike, bowled out nine teachers, and have thus far won the game. It is all very well to polish off your proceedings gentlemen, with resolves for the future and preparations for defence against a second attack, but what are you going to do with those wounded in the first? What is to become of the Nine teachers, "dismissed without any just cause?" Are they to be left on the retiring list, or pensioned for life, or restored to active service? In other words, have you not courage or strength enough to reinstate them and protect them from the dazzling SHINE. Are you still afraid of his Glare? Is his light not to be hidden henceforth under a bushel? Can't you learn from the enemy and cut up a Shine or so yourselves?

We confess that our weakness for justice is ever very strong. We believe in the *fiat justitia ruat cœlum* principle—even should the heavens envelop poor SHINE in their fall, the only chance they will possibly ever have of so doing. We, VANITY FAIR, the Public generally, Common Sense and justice demand the restoration of the Nine Deposed Graces and the overthrow of the Victor SHINE. Let SHINE be knocked off his pedestal into dismal oblivion. Let the Light of his countenance be extinguished. Let him be banished to the remotest regions of chaos. Let him be exiled to Boston. Let him, in turn, be effectually Put Out. The halo of glory that will diffuse its soft beams throughout the Fourth Ward, on the restoration of the Illustrious Nine will sufficiently compensate for the perpetual veiling of SHINE.

Gentlemen, if there be a spark of honor among you left, it kindles into a flame of enthusiasm to do your duty to yourselves, your country, the Nine Teachers, the children of the Fourth Ward Schools and to MESSRS. SHINE and Co. Remember, Honor Bright, Gentlemen! Be sure and play Third Hand High!

Ominous for the Ship of State.

The abolitionist cry of "Beecher."

Latest from Hingland!

How to make a deaf man hear? Put a "hearing in each ear!"

Still above Water.

The Liquor Dealers Association.

THE GREAT TRIBULATION.

Census Marshal.—"I JUST WANT TO KNOW HOW MANY OF YEZ IS DEAF, DUMB, BLIND, INSANE AND IDIOTIC—LIKEWISE HOW MANY PRAYERS AND CONVICTS THERE IS IN THE FAMILY!" *(See Census Schedule for* 1860.*)*

THE SENTIMENTS OF A HANGER-ON.

Some people—no! all people—take a dislike to us poor worms, and it is a shame. Aren't they only grown specimens of the same family with us? If anybody is going to be afraid, it should be us, and not them. I can't knock a man down, and tread one of the heels of a seven dollar pair of boots on him, can I? I am not quite sure that I would n't if I could, but I can't. We don't march round with great frightful umbrellas, severing the tiny thread that connects him with the limb above, and drop him plump into a puddle where he is sure to drown in five minutes, do we? Did any one ever hear of such performances on our part? I am sure no one ever did. I'll stake my reputation as a worm on it. And yet that is just the way we get served for nothing at all. Folks won't look, but come driving straight ahead, right into our faces; and, if we happen to hit back again in the same spot, what a row they make about it. If a man, he talks English in the bar-room tongue, and raves at the Common Council for hanging us up in the Park—which is a downright insult to us, as though we would allow the City Fathers to control our actions in the least!—we are our own hanging committee; and if a woman, she is sure she will faint, or even perhaps go all the way off, and wonders who will replace her in her bereaved partner's affections. The idea! One of us—three barley corns high—killing a lady bigger than a bushel of us! Nonsense! It couldn't be expected. So there is all the hullabaloo for nothing.

Now just see how quietly we receive our ill-treatment. We never swear at a man for sending us to grass, or offer to faint if a female parasols us. Sometimes we do faint, though, and die, too, but it is always done in a calm and unostentatious way, without the aid of policemen, by-standers, fresh air and salts. No! we act in a true wormy manner under all circumstances.

Another thing, we are not addicted to writing letters complaining of the nuisance that men and women are to us in the Park. Not a worm on the whole of Manhattan Island, whether married or single, old or young, would have been capable of concocting or penning such an article as this one:

To the Editor of the Wet Blanket.

SIR:—Cannot something be done to abate the worms-in-the-Park-and-passers-by's-faces outrage? It is time that an effort was made to crush it out. I prefer having the trees cut down, and the Park set with paving stones, to snuffing worms with my fresh air, and undergoing a consequent shiver all over for the next ten days. Yours, WORM HATER.

What a pack of stuff! No, sir! a worm never could utter such an abusive rigmarole against its most deadly foes, men, if it were to try. However, if people don't let us alone pretty soon, we will call in the aid of the SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS and exterminate the whole of them. So they had better be careful.

Very decidedly A HANGER-ON IN THE PARK.

N.B.—We shall begin with City Officials, and take the women and children next.

N.N.B.—We're butterflying it at present—like your young ladies at Newport—but we are coming out soon in the *second crop*—and then look out!

Something new in the World.

We may well exclaim: "What is the world coming to?" or "What is coming to the *World?*" when we behold the course of that spiritual daily of that name. When we saw the scandalous paragraph about little TOMMY, we thought we should have, in that paper, a rival to the *Herald;* but when subsequently we knew that the author of the scurrillity was promptly discharged, we breathed again and once more returned to the unctious details of the Fulton-street Business Man's Prayer Meeting, and took again to the perusal of that literary department, the Religious *World*, with pious satisfaction. But alas the *World* admits a pun. Are our homes and fire-sides safe? Whither are we drifting? Humor in a sanctimonious sheet; a harmless joke has polluted the sacred sheet, and who shall calulculate the injuy done to family altars, the serious blow to Evangelical truth inflicted by this play upon a world. Let us not comment, but lay before our readers the demoralizing pun in all its naked depravity. The writer is dilating on the "worms" in the park, and suggests two remedies, and winds up thus:

"Let both my suggestions be adopted, and we need not fear these nauseous insects any more than Luther did the devils, though as thick as the tiles on the house at WORMS."

Let the Editor of the *World*, who admitted this profanity into his paper be removed, or at least let him have his head shaved, and his foon should be the diet of *Worms*. If such things were allowed to pass unrebuked in the *World*, there is every reason to fear that it would soon come to be a readable paper.

Really Pleasant.

To have all your Poor Relations several degrees Removed.

An Editor in whom there is no Guile.

The Editor of the *Culpepper (Va.) Observer*, a paper not at all remarkable for its veracity, makes, in a recent issue, the following "open confession:"

"We have neglected our paper very much for the last six weeks."

We should imagine, from the charming freshness of this statement, that the *Observer* man almost equalled in naïveté, the sweet primitive of our own *Tribune*.

Town and Country.

A Southern editor, in a state of wild and untamable enthusiasm about a BRECKENRIDGE and LANE Meeting, that is to come off in his place, leads off the "leader" thus:

"We want every Democrat that loves his Country to come to Town next Monday."

We don't know how this may strike the people in that region, but it appears to us to be slightly inconsistent.

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NORTH RIVER.

IAGARA accessible from New York as Philadelphia papers suggest, by way of their city. Very true and cannot be denied that in going over Cat and Whistle railroad, traveller sees quintessentially stuplendid scenery and is occasionally startled by grand effects—sometimes he can shake hands with man in the next car behind, turns in the road so short. But unless you're in particular, deathly, gasping mortal hurry to get there on the sharp-angle principle, you may as well do as your ancestors did before you and travel calmly up the North River.

You had better believe it SOPHRONIUS my boy, when I tell you that it's all gammon d'ye observe, and humbug you know, and bosh d'ye see to call the Hudson the American Rhine. I ripuderate with all the energy of a Mississippi financier the contemptible three cent drink of a tallow lighted comparison which dares to give the great river of the great HENDRIK any such rococontemptible name as the American Rhine! American Rhine, indeed?—say American Rhinosceros of the most untameable and invincible character and I'll see you—but never, while the Kattskills shoot the moon to the tune of three-thousand feet and seven inches—never while the Tappaan Zee fizzles up fiery curlicues of reflected moonlight in its dancing summer-night waters, will I patiently endure such language. The German Hudson as much as you please gentlemen! but remember the old rule—the greater cannot be contained in the smaller.

Like to have you show me the Palisades on the Rhine—well I would. Have done the old Rhine, a foot, knapsacked—all way from Low Dutch cherry beer, and giant ancled *vroutjes*, up to Bodensee and pretty Swissesses—but never saw anything like Palisades. Up they go—big columns—look like twenty miles of solid Gothic ruined castles in those nightmare things of DORÉ's where thousands of towers crowd together as if it cost nothing to build, but just to wish it—and it is done. SPARROWGRASS says Palisades rest on beds of gems—all sorts of precious stones down at their base—glad of it—glorious old-fellows deserve such bed to rest on. Sail up past 'em—people say that Sing-sing so called by old Dutch trader who had been in China from city of Tsing-Tsing—don't believe it—think it more likely got name from some grand old Dutch carousal where the Skipper and his merrie men all drank great store of Hollands like glorious old MORTON of Merrie Mount, (that gleam of light in a long dark night) and sang the old *liederen* of the Low Countrie! By Jove Sir, I believe it—'twas two-hundred years ago, yet somehow the memory of that old carouse runs through my mind—I remember it all—thy trunk hose, oh DIRK BOOMPJES my lad—and thy Spanish hat, oh CLAAS PIETERZOON and the dusky Indians who stood around marvelling to hear the merry staves of the white men.

Now ride my love by heath and thorn,
By greening grass and blooming corn,
Santio.
And bring the bird which never flew,
And pluck the rose which never grew,
Sing, *veder kneder cantico*
Enkandelara isio!
Sing! Sing!

He brought a rose-tree painted fair,
Dame Nightingale was singing there,
Santio.
I've caught the bird which never flew,
And brought a rose which never grew,
Sing *veder kneder cantico,*
Enkandelara isio!
Sing! Sing!

Therefore was the place called Sing Sing—and the chorus of the song proves it—even unto this day!

Would like to stop for a few stickfulls of type in the Donderbarrak where the wind roars lustily of wild nights, and Dutch devils, and jolly witches go darting and swimming along by moonlight over the glittering Hudson, playing with the million dancing fire-drakes and wavering serpents which are ever shimmering, being born and dying in the star-rays on the water. Here on the great river at clear midnight I *believe*. *Credo*, I believe, in the olden time and the headlong goblin hunt which pours after sunset down between the rocky flanks of the Dunderberg, skimming along over Anthony's Nose, led by the ripping, tearing, blaring, trumpeting old red-beaked ANTHONY VAN CORLEAR himself—now in the spirit world the jolliest of Dutch demons and the very devil among the pretty Yankee witches. All this oh brethren do I—looking down on the lordly midnight Hudson most solemnly believe—*credo!*

There are many pleasant ghost haunted spots along the river. Tarrytown is full of enchantments as we all know, and there is a certain magic about FRED. COZZENS' cottage at Yonkers and at KNICKERBOCKER CLARK'S over the river at Piermont. If there wasn't, oh Domine Reader, why would my mind always be turning there at odd moments, yearning for a sight at the books and glad faces within and at the plus quam-magnificent river without, sweeping far, far below in morning-red or evening-gray, ever a-wending on its way.

Believe me reader—thou whose eye may rest upon these lines, far in palmettoed Florida or amid sunny isles in the Indian sea; thou who porest lazily over them on deck, rocked by Atlantic steamer, or in Mediterranean smuggler, or who seest them perhaps in cragged Switzerland—hither or thither—cross-and-queer through the many rivered sun-tipped-mountained world—that even so far as thou now art from me, so far have hearts turned towards those cottages; yearned to see the dwellers-within, longed for the soul-comforting scenery of the rich wild Hudson. Were you ever, *bon compagnon* or *belle amie* in the red sunlight-shadows, among the merry cries and laughter of a Rhenish vintage? New wine foams like beer—songs roll down the mountain-side, echoing, quavering at every terrace so that the ballad comes down bumpity-bump like an india-rubber ball down stairs. It is all gay—but the Hudson round the Tappaan Zee is to me all this, always—one perennial Rhenish vintage. The wine-time is to me there all the year round—the sunsets of every season are oceans of ærial Tokaier and Burgundy—broad rivers of amber Chablis—lakes of every wine divine—"*che fiameggia nel Sansovino*"—which flames afar in Sansovine There in that fair land the sunset Queen of Faery has one of her few circles on earth—just as Venus is believed to have a few gates to the realm of heathen beauty left, such as the Thuringian mountain and the ruined temples of Rome. WASHINGTON IRVING was first to find this out—discovered Sleepy Hollow—or first enchanted it. God bless him! When I followed him to the grave it was among gentle sorrows, tender memories, all beautiful and touching thoughts and dreams flowed softly into the heart—the fays of the valley, the sylphs of the enchanted air of Sleepy Hollow flitted among the branches—and the whole was magic and beauty, and before our eyes lay the dead enchanter, who was then alive in every charm of the wide, glorious scene. As I went home there was such a sunset as I never saw before. I saw in liquid depths of rosy light, islands and strand and surf and views of sea and land—it was the Apocalypse of Fairy Land opening to receive the soul of its dearest master here on earth. *Credo.*

West Point—American Gibraltar—Fort Putnam—598 feet above river level—KOSCIUSKO—Old Crow's Nest—Cadets—Break-neck—ARNOLD—morning-parade—BENNY HAVENS O!—ANDRE—grand views for drop curtains—COZZEN'S—when you get there unpack trunk, come out fresh, forget world and sorrows, look out new holes and corners to pack day dreams in—place to live up to—to ramble all around in—give your heart to it reader—'twill come up again many

a time in after yea on the white towered peaks of the Volscian mountains or in sl y groves of the Pyrenees.

Turned out Ran LPH and I, rea dy for breeze—found a first-rate one, got up to ord Walked half—found acquaintance—always do—PETER PENDLE —good natured gentlemanly fellow, with an immense sight dis verable in him in the long run; which does not appear at first shot. PENDLETOP rather blondy haired, rather plumpy, very smily, very calmy and considerably cooley. Has great idea of fun i most peculiar style. Loves to get among very well bred, amiable ople who don't know him very well. Promises 'em a good story a *very* good story mind you—something PETER almost laughed h self to death on the other day. All this premised PETER tells m some ve erable old affair which he's morally certain every man resent ha heard in the circus and read in the almanacs — and hen bur s into a peal of gay cordial laughter. Of cou e compan out of common politeness have to get up a forced lau —and PETER e joys himself in observing which of 'em do it the st naturally. PETER also great in setting pun-traps. Will mak p a very obvious pun—say 'tater and commentator—and select victim, talk all round him. First comes a

OW THEY NAMED SING SING.

remark on potato —then something about commenting—this and that—until V dim catches at it and is astonished at PETER'S roar of laughter. ometimes Mr. PENDLETOP makes bets as to how near a certain wr en-out fo m of the pun he will *draw* his prey. Then again he will ake a very startling joke—an astonishing play on words in hi< owr onversation and then roar and declare he didn't know it—'twas all ictim's own discovery. But this last is dangerous for sometimes e *point* isn't seen—in which case PETER saves it up for future use.

"Why—how d you to," said PETER with his jolly twinkling sm'le—as if he ha 't quite got over a late laugh, and needed a little more spreadi on i efore he could be quite salubrificated. "Fine place West int— ne sun-set—"

I looked him cal ly in he eyes—"PENDLETOP!" said I—"say it yourself—I shant d it."

"I'll do it," sa RA DOLPH—"I want to see PETER laugh at hearing people mak his own jokes for him. I don't car', We're Pointers and the n's a *setter*. That's it. Rip SAM—set her up again, PETER!"

But PENDLETOP h a reward in a glass-bell-ringing laugh which pealed up mysteri sly close by. Turned and saw Miss VIOLET SUPERBIA SWANSDO as welcome a sight was she AS ever a friend from the Homeland was T a man in a far countrie.

You'll want the neral ideas of tallness, litheness, not a little graceful *style*, white ess delicacy, well toned dress and the usual flowing outlines of e ly lady-ly young lady, to form an æsthetic conception of VIO s appearance. Thereunto my dear fellow, (thou who lovest l g treated to Parian tinted dreams of muslin filled with blanch temptation) add dainty reserve when it is needed, and genial od-nature and jovial fun when it isn't the kindest of young hearts, the affectionatest of souls—drollery entwined with delicacy—*vla!*—that's her mentallectual organization. Face—aquiline, delicate, pleasant, wondering, roguish, innocent or funny—eyes often arching downward, and closing with laughter while the mouth consimultaneously arches upward and opens. That is our VIOLET—one who loveth all merry and seemly jests—one who punneth like a Philadelphian and listens joyously thereunto when jests be dropping around.

"And where have you been Fair INEZ since you journeyed to the West?"

"Where?—Oh I've been paying my *cadebts*—giving a smile for a compliment—in this style!"

And with arch and infinite drollery *la belle* SUPERBIA gave us a *trifolium* of graces—an irresistible courtesy of immense extent, a fine fierce Spanish *roulade* on the fan and a darting, killing thrilling smile-glance—ah! by the ghosts of all the Marchionesses of the last century I vow the combination was as funny as it was fascinating. And there was a delicious pride—a dainty *hauteur* sweeping like an ostrich plume over it all—ah she is a very watch-spring this VIOLET of ours—bending at the lightest touch yet able to cut through steel—hearts! And the burlesque courtesy and all the flowing outline, and lance smile said:

"'Twas thus I did them. For you veteran cosmopolites I have other arrows in my quiver."

You needn't tell me it isn't so—I know that some ladies were birds once. I never knew anybody that looked exactly like PAULINE till I saw the fierce eyes of the great eagle in the *Jardin des Plantes*—I swear it was the highest blooded glance I ever saw in my life. And there's "JEANNE" as she writes herself under the new gospel of French names—I always call her JENNY—well madame if JENNY wasn't a neat little bantam hen in her last life, then I'm no judge of transmigration—that's all! The BUNGOS were mean little turkey buzzards (I suppose there's a small variety of that winged insect) and CATALPA a royal Argus pheasant. I myself Madame am an owl among owls—not exactly a barn mouser you know—but rather one of the cosmopolite bully old travelling owls such as I have seen flying calmly by sunlight, off the Azores five hundred miles from land—jolly old owls who used to come and sit awhile in the rigging close to the sailors and watch 'm at work, as sociable as you like—there was a Finn on board, Madame, and the elder mate always eyed 'im askant head-shakingly, and told me once that the owl never "lit" except when BJORNSON was aloft and that he had been heard to *talk* to the creatures in his damned lingo and that after this the owls always flew away due North, after which there came a devil of a wind. That's my style of owl. But I have raked the ornithology in vain to find what sort of a bird SUPERBIA had been—the young lady of great pride overlaid with much courtesy and merriment—a something between a swan, a dove, and a delicate aristocratic falcon—such as CHRIMHILDA dreamed of in the Nibelungs. And she was a bird—her shawl spread like fine fluttering wings and her head and neck were bird like, and the whole creature was plumy and feathery.

Bless my soul!—this is making *very* slow time up the North River. Only a few lines left me and I havn't got past West Point when I ought to have been half frozen after dark, and a long ride up to the Mountain House "half an hour ago." My dear fellows and dear girls of readers and all you other dear jolly dwellers in VANITY FAIR, have patience with the vagary-ated meanderings of your guide in this Pilgrim's Progress through the Arbors and Enchanted Grounds, Fiddler's Greens and Sinful Paradises of our great American Brandy and Watering Places. "All that cometh is Vanity."

Paying them in their own Coin.

VANITY FAIR doesn't see why Mr. LEWIS CHATFIELD should make such a fuss about the paying of the LELAND'S bill for boarding the Japanese, though it does happen to be $91,000. Nothing can be easier or more economical than the settlement of their demands. There is a broker in Wall street, for instance, named THOMPSON, who has in his possession a large amount of money of just the right sort to pay off the LELANDS with. The reader will adopt our view of the case when we tell him that the money is mostly in bills on the *Valley Bank* of Maryland.

Coming to Grief.

LORD RENFREW has laid aside his title, but we are much mistaken if in the hands of the Aldermen he do not again become Prince of Wails.

A Sign of the Times.

When a quarto sheet is sold for a penny, the end of the World cannot be far off.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' HAT.

Julia.—"WHERE, FRED, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT RIDICULOUS HAT?"

Fred.—"MY DEAR, THIS IS THE PRINCE OF WALES' HAT. WILL BE ALL THE GO IN A DAY OR TWO. ONLY ANTICIPATING THE FASHION, D'YE OBSERVE?"

Julia (submissively).—"AH—NOW I LOOK AT IT, IT'S VERY BECOMING.

"FANCY DYING,"

A door-plate, bearing upon its silvered front the name THOMPSON, was the bane of VAN DYSEN'S existence. Terribly disturbed was the placid nature of VAN DYSEN at sight of that plate and that name. To its deepest depths his soul was stirred. A mysterious power swayed him—a power unseen, silent, awful.

"Fancy Dying!" Two dissyllabic words; potent, presaging, portentious, walking or riding through any street of the city, or groping amid out-of-the-way lanes and alleys, these words loom up before me with a strange and ghastly stare. In letters square and longitudinal, in letters narrow and broad, in letters plain and fantastic—the crochetty attitudes of Americanized Japanese letters just now so frequently assumed—in letters pigmy and collossal, in letters of all the prismatic and anti prismatic colors they show themselves. Over doors and on door-lintels, on dust-covered curtains, and mildewed awnings, on fronts and sides and rears of buildings, high up and low down, on signs straight and circular and angular they are to be seen. They are everywhere.

"Fancy Dying—it is only a business sign."

We know it.

"Places where soiled silks, faded velvets and jaded satins are newly colored, and marks of grease and time and wear removed."

We know it.

"A resurrection-school for entombed female fabrics, where the mortality of female robes puts on immortality, and enters on a glorious existence of renewed whirlings through the mazes of the waltz, or rustlings in the bright moonlight of a summer's night."

We know it all. The Juggernaut car, we know is only a car, but under its ponderous wheels are thrown and crushed infants. As earnestly as we should protest against the introduction here of the infanticidal vehicle of ancient India, do we protest against these signs "Fancy Dying." In the name of Philanthrophy, Morality, Religion, Politics, Domesticity, Progress, Science, Invention, Art everything dear and sacred to humanity, we protest against them.

Follow, as in his carriage down Broadway or the Bowery, there rides a man of apopletic tendencies, whose nerves have been shattered by overwork, in the eager strife for wealth and power. Putting his head to the windows to see if he has arrived at his stopping place, quickly his eye catches, across the way, the sign "Fancy Dying." It is the sounding of his death-knell, the reading of his death-warrant, the cutting of the rope by the executioner. A fearful dread suddenly possesses him; the blood darts to his temples; huge drops of perspiration cover his brow; his dissolution is at hand; he feels it, knows it, and sinks back helpless into his cushioned seat, where he is found—dead. That sign set busy fancy in motion—the same fancy, working on the fears, that induced a premature yielding of breath by criminals at the hospital at Montpellier in France, who were made to believe, by the pouring of warm water upon the bottoms of their feet, that their life-blood was oozing from their opened veins. Who will not protest against running such a sad risk, as the knocking of every sign of life out of the bodies of our large dealers in stock and church-pews, faro banks and city railroads, by the wooden signs of vulgar workers in cochineal, indigo, ochre, and all the varieties of petty pigments?

"Fancy Dying." An Inventor sees the sign and ceases belaboring his brain to find ideas for lessening work by human hands. The Painter abandons easel and dancing fairies, satyrs, groves and goddesses. The Philosopher is no longer philosophical. The Author leaves mice and moths to feast on his manuscript, a feast of bodies instead of the feast of souls intended. Poet gives up the Little style of poetry, and consumes the "come thou disconsolate" style. An intensely melancholy, mummy-like look is put on by everybody, and coffins, and bones and the fact that art is long and life-fleeting, are the only things thought of. Mammoth enterprises are abandoned, and the world generally set down as no great shakes.

Fancy Dying. While these signs frighten the nervous out of existence, and the timid into supineness, they make more corrupt, eager and grasping, the politician, the irreligious man more irreligious, and him of immoral proclivities, a sharper pursuer of other men's wives, and corporate property generally. To make the most they can, and in the quickest time they can, becomes their motto. As life goes, they wish to go it.

As Fancy means game-y, the signs Fancy Dying are pleasantly suggestive to some, of plucky contests with that grim, bony looking personage, always bearing a huge scythe in his dexter hand. Enjoyment is a good thing, and so is pluck. In this case, the fancy, being few in number, should yield their enjoyment to the interests of the majority.

Finally, though not having pursued the subject through half its sequences—we again protest against the signs "Fancy Dying" which painfully suggest to everybody, whose unhappy optics happen to catch in a glimpse any of these thoughts of speedy dissolution. It is a subject for the city authorities and the health bureaus to promptly exploit.

What may be Done.

Our Desperate Contributor never despairs. He will always "make something out of it or die." Lately, after reading from the *Herald* of the death of one CADY, he was challenged to find a point in the fact, and within three seconds found the following:

EPITAPH ON ONE CADY.

The subtile chemist, Death
A change has wrought to-day;
For what was late K. D.
Is now, alas, D. K.

The Three Ages of a Senator.

Mile-age, Post-age, and Patron-age.

The best Fare for Dyspeptics.

VANITY FAIR.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

E were seated in our elegant sanctum, the other day, sipping Heidsick and filling the air with fleecy smoke-clouds. We were thinking upon great and important items; upon rail-splitting as a presidential accomplishment; upon boot-blacking as a ditto; upon judicial dinners to sporting paper reporters; upon the handsome suit of sackcloth and ashes worn by the *World's* Editor in sorrow for the sins of boarding school young ladies; upon the high-mindedness of the Enright in resigning the Health Wardenship; upon the probability of the Rebecca's out-living the notoriety of Plum Gut; upon the Poodle dog question; when our gorgeously apparelled office boy entered, bearing upon a silver tray an old style visiting card, labelled

Mrs. Alma Mater.

We at once threw aside our fragrant havana and ordered the gorgeous boy to usher the lady into an inner and more inviting apartment. We met Madame at the door with our most inspiring smile, saw her comfortably seated on a luxurious sofa, drew up a matchless chair for ourself, and poured forth our avowals of delight at her welcome, though unexpected visit. We could not forbear complimenting the old lady on her hale and cheery appearance—she positively seemed to have grown younger since we had last seen her.

Fanning herself violently with one hand and at the same time unloosening the strings of her reticule with the other, she broke out thus: "Dear! dear! Mr. Vanity! how you've grow'd. (putting on her spectacles and fixing a stare upon us) 'Tain't possible! Well, I declare, if he ha'nt altered amazin'. 'Spect I shouldn't have know'd you no how if I hadn't heard you speak. I always know'd you'd come to something great. The dear knows I wish all the boys was as promisin' as what you was. But they ain't—not one of 'em. I declare I'm most out of patience with 'em! They're growin' worser and worser every year, and I dunno what's goin' to become of 'em." (Here she snuffed—just as she used to do when Flakey was flashing his Trigonometry)

"Indeed!" we put in, "you surprise us very much." You don't mean to say that the boys are falling off or getting lazy or—"

"Oh! dear no! Bless your dear heart! not that, but they're no longer boys; they're not fit for class-rooms; they're nothing but yachtsmen, base ballers, ring fighters, fancy dancers, meerschaum colorers, horse racers, nigger minstrelers, and charities. The dear knows where they pick 'em all up, but they brings their physical exercises into the college along with their baggage and high-school certifikits. Dear! dear!" (sobbing)

"This is truly painful, Madame," said we, thinking it our cue, "and your feelings in the matter are not to be wondered at; they are perfectly natural and praiseworthy. But you see this is a progressive age, a precocious age in every respect, and young men now-a-days——"

"Pshaw! Go long! Stuff! Nonsense! (Here she arose indignantly and started toward the door) I didn't think to hear sich talk from you, Vanity? You ought to know better—you do know better—and its a downright shame for you to utter sich trash in my presence—afore me—your Alma Mater." The tears trickled down the old lady's cheeks and, perhaps, started from our own eyes. We felt sorry and interposing between her and the door, said: Not at all, dearest Madame! You misunderstood us! We would not for the world purposely wound your feelings. We were only prefacing by a style of speech much used now, our assent in the main with your own views We know as well as you do, Madame, that steamboats, telegraph, and newspapers are no sort of excuse for an excess of folly or vices but——

"There! Laws o' Mercy! That's just like you, Vanity! I know'd, 'twasn't possible for you to have got your mind distended with them ridiculous *Tribune* ideas. I shouldn't have took on so; but what you said was so like all our Sophs—but dear me! I'm getting so old and anything a'most so distracts me. Dear! dear!" (She rocked to and fro for a minute, then continued)

"Well, now Vanity I've come to ask your advice about the boys, whats' best to do with 'em, eh?"

"Really, Madame," we replied "that is a weighty question and one that needs reflection before an answer can be given. How many are there to be this year?"

"Well, close on to twelve hundred," she answered. "Twelve hundred! And all have spent the last four years in yachting, playing base-ball, riding, fighting, dancing, singing and coloring their meerschaums?" "Except the Charities," she exclaimed.

"Ah, yes! exactly! except the Charities. What did you say they did?"

"Well, the Charities?"

"The Charities."

"Well, they didn't do much of anything. Some of 'em got tutorship, some of 'em got pious, and all of 'em got the consumption."

"Consumption? ah! poor fellows! Same old story. Very little can be done with the Charities, Madame. Perhaps the pious ones will make an effort in theology, as usual, but the rest, we fear, are hopeless, utterly hopeless cases."

"Should'nt wonder Vanity. Even the Charities is getting lower and lower. Never mind 'em though, they always manages to look after themselves.''

"What profession seems to be most popular among the regulars at present, Madame?''

"That's hard telling, Vanity. It ain't Literature, that's evident. It ain't Medicine, it ain't the Church, nor it ain't Law."

"How about science and art?"

"Nothing at all about 'em." Peter Cooper and the Smithsonian Institute have done away with 'em altogether."

"Then, as we take it, the choice is about as six is to six. Are we right?"

"I'm afraid you are, Vanity."

"Oh! we forgot to speak of the army and navy. Perhaps the prize-fighters might yearn towards military honors, and the yachtmen for a sailors' life?"

"How you talk, Vanity! Do you suppose I bring up and gradiate twelve-hundred young men a year just to let 'em drown or get shot? What's the use of their getting an edication at all, if that's their taste, eh?"

"But suppose it is their vocation?"

"Humph! Who cares for vocation? Not they, not their parents, not I. What they expect me to give 'em is *position*."

"Without being fit for it?"

"To be sure! what else?"

"Then, Madame, there is only one course to be pursued"

"That's just it, Vanity. I know'd you'd advise your old Alma Mater out of her difficulties. What is it?"

"We repeat there is only one course to be pursued—make Lawyers of the whole of them."

"Lawyers?"

"Just so."

"What on airth do you mean, Vanity?"

"It was the only way to give them position independent of qualification. In the first place lawyers are scarce, especially young lawyers. It is a rare thing, now-a-days to meet with a lawyer. You never see more than one counsellor's shingle in a mile's walk. In the next, it requires a love for sports, prize-fighting, fancy-dancers, negro minstrelsy and meerschaum-coloring to disqualify men for any respectable position and——"

"Why, Vanity, how philosophical you are, to be sure!"

"Thanks to you, Madame! But *if*, observe the *if*, Madame, there is any professson in life that needs so little beyond these simple tastes of your boys, it is the Bar."

"I dunno but your right, my dear!"

"We think we are, Madame. Make twelve hundred lawyers, and the country will bless you, the Bar and Bench will bless you, politicians will bless you, rascals and evil-doers generally will bless you, and, very likely experience a change of heart instanter."

"Thank you, Vanity. We'll make them lawyers." And the good-hearted old lady bid us an affectionate farewell, kissing us fondly as in days gone by, and we were again alone.

HE *World* which is not of this world gives the following original startling and cordial endorsement of a very interesting work.

"A great literary curiosity, the "*Memoires de Casanova*," had been out of print for a long time, and could be procored only at an enormous price. A new edition of it, which was issued in May, at Brussels, in four volumes, was therefore *very seasonable*, and cannot fail to meet with success."

The Memoirs of CASANOVA DE SEINGALT may be "seasonable" to those who, having exhausted all ordinary abominations, require something with rather stronger seasoning. But we really had no idea that the gentlemen of the *World* were so far gone as this—so utterly *blasée* as to calmly notice, as a great curiosity, and as a greatly needed and desirable work, one of which the by no means fastidious CARLYLE says that if any body has accidentally dipped into it, "let him wash his hand and be unclean until even!" VANITY FAIR has no wish to weigh heavily on the conscience of his pious cotempo., but will still declare it as his candid conviction th never yet in *Times*, *Tribune*, *Herald*, or any other respectable journal of this city was ch a work ever so naively and favorably mentioned.

very wrong to "begin to read, write, or sew," after so doing. Still, we have a code of regulations and eye-laws, which we have followed from early infancy, with great success, and think, therefore, that everybody else ought to follow it.

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness. This is only to be accomplished by remaining entirely in the dark.

Never begin to read, write, or sew. Leave off, as frequently as you please.

Never read HALL'S *Journal of Health* by twilight, moonlight, gas-light, lamplight, candlelight, or any other kind of light.

Never read or sew directly in front of the window or door, if the shutters are up or the door closed.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely;—yes *over the left* shoulder!

Never open the eyes, after awakening, before dark.

Do not use the eyesight.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, rub them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not open them for a couple of days. If they remain closed, moisten them with a little tobacco-juice—it is the speediest dilution in the world; then rinse your mouth with warm brandy-and-water.

By close attention to these rules, Mayor WOOD has preserved his Single Eye in an extraordinarily perfect condition, enabling him to see as far into the political mill-stone as the next man. On the other hand, a gentleman who attempted to follow the directions laid down in HALL'S *Journal of Health* for a week, only got so far as to say he would See the rules darned before he would follow them any longer.

The following certificates, voluntarily sent us by the gentlemen whose names are appended, speak more than volumes for our system:—

NEW YORK, June, 1860.

Dear V. F:—I took the advice you once gave me concerning the use of my eyes, and found it invaluable. Indeed, after adhering to your rules for a week, my visual powers became so great that I could even make my Chest See.

MUSIANI; Tenor, Acad. Music.

Could anything be more conclusive? But here is another:—

ROME, Italy. 1860.

GENTLEMEN:—Your correspondent here recently furnished me with your rules concerning the Use of the ight, since I commenced following your advice I have had quite a Holy See.

PIO NONO.

Still another:—

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.

EDS. V. F:—Why don't you publish your mode of treating the optical organs? By Jove, Gents, you might all make your fortunes out of it. Why, Sir, I tried them only one month, when my eyesight had been mighty poor, being furnished me by one of your Travelling Agents, and last night, playing draw poker with Judge D—., I saw his pile and went him five hundred better. Gratefully yours;

Colonel SPERRY of Arkansaw.

Yet one more and we have done:

NEW YORK, June.

VANITY FAIR:—Four years ago, while occupied on a vessel as stevedore, a nautical gentleman Blasted my Eyes. I suffered much in consequence, until I made the acquaintance of one of your contributors, who informed me of your method of preserving those valuable organs. I have practised that method ever since, and now have a fine Building Site. Yours.

Alderman O'SKALLAGHAN.

There! We think that HALL'S *Journal of Health* had better

"Wipe its weeping eyes"

And dry up.

MIND YOUR EYES!

It is a fortunate thing for this misguided ld and rebellious generation that we have a HALL'S *Journal of alth* to guide and guard us! That invaluable physiological mon sets our volition completely aside, and fixes things physically as they should be, will-we nill-we.

We are told what we must eat, what we must ink—or rather, what we must *not* drink, for the advice as to bibu ion is yet to be a little negative—where, how, when, and how mu we must sleep, what we must wear, how we must bathe, how must exercise, and, in fact, everything that we already know uch better than HALL'S *Journal of Health* does.

The last good advice of this cheerful pa , that we have examined, is the Treatment of the Eyes—a really portant subject We must confess, however, that we think we ca o a little better the same line. At all events, we will try, suming, as the *urnal of Health* always does, that all human b ngs are exactly ike, and require exactly the same rules of treat nt.

Thus says Dr. HALL, by way of preamble:—

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes wea or life, by the too e use of eyesight in reading fine print and doing fine sew . In view of these ings, it will be well to observe the following rules in the u f the eyes:

Then he starts off:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, write, or sew, for several minutes aft coming from darkss to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on a very cloudy

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or windo r door.

It is best to have the light fall from above obliquely, over t left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on first awakening, the eye shall o on the light of a wi dow.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an e rt to discriminate.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eye, hat moment cease using them.

"If the eyelids are glued together, on waking up, do not ibly open them; but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest dil nt in the world; then wash your eyes and face in warm water."

We accept all these rules, in general, and especia the two first. If we never come from darkness into a bright li it would be very wrong to "begin to read, write, or sew," after so doing. Still, we have a code of regulations and eye-laws, which we have followed from early infancy, with great success, and think, therefore, that everybody else ought to follow it.

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There! We think that HALL'S *Journal of Health* had better

"Wipe its weeping eyes"

And dry up.

Of Corset's So!

Now that the admission fee to the Great Eastern has been reduced to fifty cents, that vessel may be at length looked upon as a paying concern. We remember the time though when she was decidedly In a Tight Place. The Intelligent Reader will at once perceive that we allude to her Stays.

THE COMIC MURDER.

They have a young person on the New York *Times*, who devotes himself to the severe mental exertion of compiling some score of jokes daily, under the head of "Minor Topics." We say compiling because the young person in question, with judicious modesty, does not treat himself to any fresh, green jokes of his own, but rather prefers the old, well seasoned one of MILLER, and the country exchanges. Jokes on the words "foul" and "fowl" he does not despise, and the collocation "bear" and "bare" he seizes upon with avidity. Facetiæ on draught he will, and can, have none of; of squibs that have lain bottled for years in the cellars of decayed jokes he catches fast hold.

Not long ago, the *Times* joke man put the following in his funny column:

"— MRS. SENNY, of Springfield, was troubled with a drunken husband, and experimented on her liege lord with the water-cure by pitching him into the Connecticut River. He swallowed a small quantity of the water, and not being accustomed to the fluid, it acted as a mortal poison. The Coroner's Jury acquitted the lady at once. As her daughter took no hand in giving her father a plunge bath, there was no mystery about the affair."

The ordinary mind might not, perhaps, at once perceive that a murder was here alluded to. Underlying all the facetiousness of the composition is that fact, however. Husband-drowning seems quite a good joke to the *Times* man. Parricide would doubtless inspire him with hilarity, and a nice case of child-murder probably afford him amusement for a whole afternoon. But seriously, we can do without this style of "Minor Topics," Mr. RAYMOND, and as for the young man who "does" them, permit him to subside, please. He will soon find another place; SMITH Brothers are dreadfully in want of somebody to construct puff-jokes about their Fall things.

SOLDIERS.

"THE ZOUAVE DRILL," IN THE OPINION OF OUR ARTIST "HAS CERTAINLY BORED OUR GALLANT WHAT DYE'CALLEMS CONSIDERABLY—NOT BUT WHAT THE WHAT DYE'CALLEMS ARE FIRST RATE SOLDIERS YOU KNOW AND ALL THAT!

A LITTLE MORE CIDER REQUIRED.

LISTEN! The Special Committee of the Board of Education, appointed to investigate the Fourth Ward School Difficulties, have recommended the adoption of a resolution censuring the actions of the Trustees in dismissing, "without any just cause, nine competent and faithful teachers." The committee further propose an amendment to the by-laws of the Board, which shall make it lawful for any teacher hereafter dismissed by Trustees, to still claim the position and salary as if no dismissal had taken place; that is to say provided the Board itself shall decide in favor of the teacher.

Nobody can take exception to the adoption of this clause, which is particularly delightful to amiable young lady professors and especially discomfitting to bullying groggery keepers, who happen to be Trustees of Ward Schools, for a term or two.

But if the Committee will put on its thinking cap, it will perhaps discover that Messrs. SHINE and Co., the original getters-up, and proprietors of the line of proceeding so popular in the Fourth Ward, have gained and hold all the points they desire. They made a large strike, bowled out nine teachers, and have thus far won the game. It is all very well to polish off your proceedings gentlemen, with resolves for the future and preparations for defence against a second attack, but what are you going to do with those wounded in the first? What is to become of the Nine teachers, "dismissed without any just cause?" Are they to be left on the retiring list, or pensioned for life, or restored to active service? In other words, have you not courage or strength enough to reinstate them and protect them from the dazzling SHINE. Are you still afraid of his Glare? Is his light not to be hidden henceforth under a bushel? Can't you learn from the enemy and cut up a Shine or so yourselves?

We confess that our weakness for justice is ever very strong. We believe in the *fiat justitia ruat cælum* principle—even should the heavens envelop poor SHINE in their fall, the only chance they will possibly ever have of so doing. We, VANITY FAIR, the Public generally, Common Sense and justice demand the restoration of the Nine Deposed Graces and the overthrow of the Victor SHINE. Let SHINE be knocked off his pedestal into dismal oblivion. Let the Light of his countenance be extinguished. Let him be banished to the remotest regions of chaos. Let him be exiled to Boston. Let him, in turn, be effectually Put Out. The halo of glory that will diffuse its soft beams throughout the Fourth Ward, on the restoration of the Illustrious Nine will sufficiently compensate for the perpetual veiling of SHINE.

Gentlemen, if there be a spark of honor among you left, it kindles into a flame of enthusiasm to do your duty to yourselves, your country, the Nine Teachers, the children of the Fourth Ward Schools and to MESSRS. SHINE and Co. Remember, Honor Bright, Gentlemen! Be sure and play Third Hand High!

Ominous for the Ship of State.

The abolitionist cry of "Beecher."

Latest from Hingland!

How to make a deaf man hear? Put a "hearing in each ear!"

Still above Water.

The Liquor Dealers Association.

THE GREAT TRIBULATION.

Census Marshal.—"I JUST WANT TO KNOW HOW MANY OF YEZ IS DEAF, DUMB, BLIND, INSANE AND IDIOTIC—LIKEWISE HOW MANY PRAYER-BOOKS AND CONVICTS THERE IS IN THE FAMILY!"

(*Census Schedule for* 1860.)

THE SENTIMENTS OF A HANGER-ON

Some people—no! all people—take a dislike to worms, and it is a shame. Aren't they only grown specimens of the same family with us? If anybody is going to be afraid, should be us, and not them. I can't knock a man down, and tread on the heels of a seven dollar pair of boots on him, can I? I am not quite sure that I wouldn't if I could, but I can't. We don't march round with great frightful umbrellas, severing the tiny threads that connects him with the limb above, and drop him plump into a puddle where he is sure to drown in five minutes, do we? Did any one ever hear of such performances on our part? I assume no one ever did. I'll stake my reputation as a worm on it. And yet that is just the way *we* get served for nothing at all. Folks won't look, but come driving straight ahead, right into our families; and if we happen to hit back again in the same spot, what a row they make about it. If a man, he talks English in the bar-room, and raves at the Common Council for hanging us up in the Park—which is a downright insult to us, as though we would allow the City Fathers to control our actions in the least!—we are in danger of being hanged by a committee; and if a woman, she is sure she will faint, or even perhaps go all the way off, and wonders who will revenge her in her bereaved partners' affections. The idea! One of us thrown barley corns high—killing a lady bigger than a bushel of nonsense! It couldn't be expected. So there is all the hullabaloo for nothing.

Now just see how quietly we receive our ill-treatment. We never swear at a man for sending us to grass, or offering to faint if a female parasols us. Sometimes we do faint, though, and die, too, but it is always done in a calm and unostentatious way, without the aid of policemen, by-standers, fresh air and salts. We act in a true wormy manner under all circumstances.

Another thing, we are not addicted to writing letters complaining of the nuisance that men and women are to us in the Park. Not a worm on the whole of Manhattan Island, whether married or single, old or young, would have been capable of concocting or penning such an article as this one:

To the Editor of the Wet Blanket.

SIR:—Cannot something be done to abate the worms-in-the-park-path-passers-by's-faces outrage? It is time that an effort was made to crush out this. I prefer having the trees cut down, and the Park set with paving stones, to snuffing worms with my fresh air, and undergoing a consequent shiver all over for the next ten days. Yours, WORM HATER.

What a pack of stuff! No sir! a worm never could utter such an abusive rigmarole against its most deadly foes, men, if it were to try. However, if people don't let us alone pretty soon, we will call in the aid of the SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS and exterminate the whole of them. So they had better be careful.

Very decidedly A HANGER-ON IN THE PARK.

N.B.—We shall begin with City Officials, and take the women and children next.

N.N.B.—We're butterflying it at present—like your young ladies at Newport—but we are coming out soon in the *second crop*—and then look out!

An Editor in whom there is no Guile.

The Editor of the *Culpepper* (*Va.*) *Observer*, a paper not at all remarkable for its veracity, makes, in a recent issue, the following "open confession:"

"We have neglected our paper very much for the last six weeks."

We should imagine, from the charming freshness of this statement, that the *Observer* man almost equalled in naïveté, the sweet primitive of our own *Tribune*.

Town and Country.

A Southern editor, in a state of wild and untamable enthusiasm about a BRECKENBRIDGE and LANE Meeting, that is to come off in his place, leads off the "leader" thus:

"We want every Democrat that loves his Country to come to Town next Monday."

We don't know how this may strike the people in that region, but it appears to us to be slightly inconsistent.

Something new in the World.

We may well exclaim: "What is the world coming to?" or "What is coming to the *World*?" when we behold the course of that spiritual daily of that name. When we saw the scandalous paragraph about little TOMMY, we thought we should have, in that paper, a rival to the *Herald;* but when subsequently we know that the author of the scurrillity was promptly discharged, we breathed again and once more returned to the unctuous details of the Fulton-street Business Man's Prayer Meeting, and took again to the perusal of that literary department, the Religious *World*, with pious satisfaction. But alas the *World* admits a pun. Are our homes and fire-sides safe? Whither are we drifting? Humor in a sanctimonious sheet; a harmless joke has polluted the sacred sheet, and who shall calculate the injuy done to family altars, the serious blow to Evangelical truth inflicted by this play upon a world. Let us not comment, but lay before our readers the demoralizing pun in all its naked depravity. The writer is dilating on the "worms" in the park, and suggests two remedies, and winds up thus:

"Let both my suggestions be adopted, and we need not fear these nauseous insects any more than Luther did the devils, though as thick as the tiles on the house at WORMS."

Let the Editor of the *World*, who admitted this profanity into his paper be removed, or at least let him have his head shaved, and his foon should be the diet of *Worms*. If such things were allowed to pass unrebuked in the *World*, there is every reason to fear that it would soon come to be a readable paper.

Really Pleasant.

To have all your Poor Relations several degrees Removed.

VANITY FAIR.

VANITY FAIR,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high meral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press*,

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon* (N. J.) *Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

"This is the first really clever comic and satirical journal we have had in America—and really clever it is. It is both sharp and good-tempered, and not afraid to say that its soul is its own—which shows that it has a soul. Our readers will be glad to know where they can find native fun that has something better in it than mere *patois*."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The very marked and flattering success which has thus far attended the publication of

VANITY FAIR,

Enables the publisher to announce that with the commencement of the Second Volume, issued this day, 30th June, New Features, both Literary and Artistic, will be introduced, which will increase the value and interest of the paper, and fully maintain the proud position unanimously accorded to it, as the leading

COMIC JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

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TERMS:

Three dollars per annum, in advance—Six cents single copy.

TERMS FOR CLUBS:

Two copies of VANITY FAIR will be sent to one address for	$5 00
Five copies	12 00
Ten copies	20 00

An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of not less than five copies.

This paper is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

TO EDITORS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Our exchange list has become so large that we shall be obliged to curtail it. Those who desire an exchange will please insert the above Special Notice and Terms three times, and send marked copies to this office, upon receipt of which we will forward the paper for One Year. No others will be noticed.

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One woman, with this simple, compact, durable, portable, efficient, and economical machine, can easily and perfectly do the washing of an ordinary family before breakfast.

This is the only machine that will wash all kinds of clothes perfectly without injury. It has been tested in the laundry of French's Hotel and elsewhere, with all other washing machines making any pretensions to novelty, and has, in many instances, performed its work in less than half the time required by any other, and much more thoroughly and satisfactorily.

It will wash a single handkerchief, collar, lace sleeve, six shirts, or all of these articles together, without the necessity of soaking or boiling.

These results are produced by the constant reaction of the suds, and not by friction of rubbing surfaces. It is admirably adapted for introduction into houses with stationary tubs, as it may be enclosed and connected with the waste and water pipes, and will make an important feature in houses "with all the modern improvements."

In Families, Laundries, Hotels, Boarding-houses, Hospitals, Asylums, Boarding-schools, on Ships and Steamers, and in the Army, it will be found unequalled and indispensable.

This machine may be seen in operation at the laundry of French's Hotel, and at the depot, No. 419 Broadway, corner of Canal-street.

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